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Book of Words

The Pageant of St. Johnsbury

In Celebration of the One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth  
Anniversary of the Founding of the Town

William Chauncy Langdon

Master of the Pageant



On the Summit of the Old Pine Hill

St. Johnsbury, Vermont

August 15, 16, 17, 1912

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*The Caledonian Press  
St. Johnsbury, Vermont*

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## Foreword

The Pageant of St. Johnsbury presents in dramatic form the history of the town of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, from the period when the first white men, Stephen Nash and John Stark, went through the valley in 1755 to the present. The history of the town has been unique and important. Starting out with great promise under the leadership of its founder, Dr. Jonathan Arnold, its advance soon seemed retarded owing to the early death of Dr. Arnold and of his son, Josias Lyndon Arnold. Until 1830 the town was apparently destined to be a small farming village, like many of the other towns in the upper Connecticut River basin. In that year, however, Thaddeus Fairbanks invented the platform scale, which was destined not only to make the town a manufacturing instead of an agricultural community, but to give accuracy and reliability to trade and commerce the world over. For many years during the last century the development of the town largely centered in this very democratic family. At present the community spirit of the times is spreading rapidly among the people of the town, and the characteristic results in a united, virile community life are as rapidly becoming apparent. These activities find their embodiment in the Commercial Club of St. Johnsbury and in the Women's Club. It is on the initiative of the Commercial Club that this pageant was undertaken.

The Pageant-Grounds are on a hill close by the town and on the links of the Old Pine Golf Club. Immediately in front of the grand-stand is a level greensward about twenty yards across. From this the hill slopes up to a line of rock-maple and hemlock woods at the top, in the midst of which stands the Old Pine. On the right of the audience the woods extend the entire distance. On the left the audience look down upon the town of St. Johnsbury, its roofs and steeples rising above the beautiful masses of the shade trees, and across to the mountains on the other side of the valley. At the edge of the green is a steep little knoll, which is used in the dramatic action.

For most of the historical material I am indebted to the generous courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Edward T. Fairbanks, who kindly gave me access to the manuscript of his forthcoming History of St. Johnsbury, and who also gave me the benefit of his helpful comment whenever I desired.

The episodes are historically correct so far as they refer to actual events in the past. A certain freedom has been exercised, however, in handling the material for the sake of dramatic effectiveness. In many cases the lines spoken by the characters are the original words, either literally or substantially quoted. These are not put in quotation-marks because on account of minor adaptations these quotations are frequently not exact. Certain abbreviations are made also in producing the pageant to meet the exigencies of actual performance.

W. C. L.

# **Episodes of the Pageant**

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## **Introduction: The Wilderness.**

A Dramatic Dance of Nature Spirits.

1. The Indians and the Rangers, (1760-1770).
2. Dr. Jonathan Arnold, the Founder, (1787).
3. Pioneer Sociability and Business, (1790-1800).

## **Interlude I: The Fields and the Streams.**

A Dramatic Dance of Nature Spirits.

4. The First Church, (1809).
5. The Invention of the Scales, (1830).
6. The Coming of the Railroad, (1850).

## **Interlude II: The Trade of the World.**

A Cake-Walk of the Nations.

7. The Caledonia County Seat, (1856).
8. The Civil War, (1861).
9. Depression and Prosperity, (1875-1880).

## **Interlude III: The Foreign Citizens.**

Folk-Dances.

10. The Making of the Scales, (1912).
11. The Children, (1912).
12. The Larger Responsibility, (1912).

## **Finale: The Knight of St. Johnsburry.**

Mediaeval Procession of the Knights and March Past  
of all the Pageant.

## Music of the Pageant

- |  |   |                   |
|--|---|-------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) The Wilderness,</li> <li>(b) The Spirits of the Mountains</li> <li>(c) The Spirits of the Rivers,<br/>and the Forests.</li> <li>(d) The Spirits of the Valleys,</li> <li>(e) The Spirit of Civilization.</li> </ul> | } | Brookes C. Peters |
|--|---|-------------------|
- I. THE INDIANS AND THE RANGERS.
- |  |   |  |
|--|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(c) Doubt.</li> <li>(b) Caribou Song,</li> <li>(a) Hunting Song,</li> </ul> | } | Indian Melodies<br>transcribed by<br>Frederick R. Burton |
|--|---|--|
2. DR. JONATHAN ARNOLD, THE FOUNDER.
- |   |               |
|---|---------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) The Song of the Vermonters,</li> </ul> | Bonnie Dundee |
|---|---------------|
3. THE PIONEER VILLAGE.
- |   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) Ode to the Passumpsick,</li> </ul> | Brookes C. Peters |
|---|-------------------|
- INTERLUDE I: THE FIELDS OR THE STREAMS.
- |  |   |                   |
|--|---|-------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) The Spirits of the Valleys,</li> <li>(b) The Spirits of the Rivers,</li> <li>(c) The Spirit of the Future.</li> </ul> | } | Brookes C. Peters |
|--|---|-------------------|
4. THE FIRST CHURCH.
- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,</li> <li>(b) The New Jerusalem.</li> </ul> | Old Hymn<br>Old Hymn |
|---|----------------------|
5. THE INVENTION OF THE SCALES.
- (No music during this episode.)
6. THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD.
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) Piano-forte Solo,</li> </ul> |  |
|---|--|
- INTERLUDE II: THE TRADE OF THE WORLD.
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li>(a) Yankee Doodle,</li> <li>(b) National Airs.</li> </ul> |  |
|--|--|

7. THE CALEDONIA COUNTY SEAT.  
(No music during this Episode)
8. THE CIVIL WAR.  
(a) The Battle Hymn of the Republic,
9. DEPRESSION AND PROSPERITY.  
(No music during this episode.)
- INTERLUDE III: THE FOREIGN CITIZENS.  
(a) French Vintage Dance.  
(b) German Hopping Dance.  
(c) Scotch Reel.  
(d) Irish St. Patrick's Jig.
10. THE MAKING OF THE SCALES.  
(No music during this Episode.
11. THE CHILDREN.  
(a) Danish Dance of Greeting; Danish Shoemaker's Dance.  
(b) Swedish Ox-Dansen,  
(c) The Winter and the Spring. Brookes C. Peters
12. THE LARGER RESPONSIBILITY.  
(a) Tuning Up of the Orchestra.
- FINALE: THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHNSBURY.  
(a) Jerusalem the Golden, A. Ewing  
(b) The Song to the Knight, Brookes C. Peters  
(c) The Star Spangled Banner,  
(d) The Song to America, Brookes C. Peters

# The Pageant of St. Johnsbury



## Introduction

### THE WILDERNESS

1. ORCHESTRA. The Introduction opens with a short passage in the orchestra, sounding the motif of the wilderness, strident and domineering, mainly in the brass.

2. THE WILDERNESS. When this motif has been well stated from the top of the hill by the Old Pine appears the Power of the Wilderness, a man, rough and haughty in manner. He is clad only in skins, of tawny color. His legs and arms and head are bare. His hair is thick and shaggy. In his hand he carries the trunk of a dead pine. He stands for a moment just out from under the trees, gazing somberly out over the country before him. Then he comes striding directly down from the top of the hill to a point about half way to the knoll. Again he stands silent a moment, then raises his pine above his head and gives a shout, a single shout. "Ho!" which is echoed in the orchestra. There is silence. After a short pause he advances down a few paces toward the valley, stops, gazes out over the valley, and again raises his pine and gives his shout. The echo in the orchestra is again the only answer. He crosses over toward the woods on the other side. He gazes into the forest, raises his pine and the third time gives his shout of command. After waiting a moment, he turns and strides down to the knoll, where he stands gloomily, the pine raised above his head.

3. THE MOUNTAINS AND THE FORESTS. As the Wilderness gives his last shout, from the small hemlocks and the other trees near the top of the hill come the Spirits of the Mountain-Tops and of the Forests. The Mountains are clad in dark green draperies shading up to purple veils over their heads. They have scarves of white and very pale blue, suggesting the clouds, which they wave to and fro horizontally about them on a level with their faces and shoulders as they come. The Forests are clothed in brown and green. Their hair streams down over them. Some of them carry green pine branches in their hands; some maple branches. All alike come with submissive directness but with a wild haughtiness down on either side toward the Wilderness, and take their places a little behind him and a few paces away from him, awaiting his will. He pays no heed to them, but gazes out over the country as before.

4. THE RIVERS AND THE VALLEYS. Then from below, from the two entrances at either end of the grand-stand, come the Spirits of the Valleys and of the Rivers in three streams, two from the east and one from the west. Of the two from the east, one, a smaller stream, is evidently a branch of the other. The Valleys accompany the Rivers and come alongside, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other side of them. The Rivers are draped in shimmering blue, with white gleaming through at times. Some of them have veils and scarves of pure white and very pale green, which they toss over, up and down, with a motion suggestive of the rapids and waterfalls. The Valleys are clad in light green. Their faces are never covered. Their hair is wreathed with filaments of the flowers that grow in the meadows in August, and over their shoulders and in their hands also they have garlands of wild flowers. The Rivers and the Valleys come up to the level greensward just below the Wilderness, where they bow very low in submission, almost in absolute subjection to him. The Wilderness with a black scowl and fierce gloominess swings out his pine over

them. All fall prostrate on the ground before him, on the sides of the knoll, as he stands there in frowning intolerant pride, while the orchestra sounds forth loud with blaring brass the motif of the Wilderness.

5. THE SPIRIT OF CIVILIZATION. Immediately at the close of the motif of the Wilderness triumphant, fortissimo, there sounds out above it the clear trumpet call of the motif of the Spirit of Civilization, reenforced by the whole string orchestra. Instantly the spirits, especially the Rivers and the Valleys, start up. The Wilderness glowers and is alert, on his guard; he advances to the ledge of the knoll. He swings his dead tree over the spirits and forces them down into their subjection again. From around the hill comes the Spirit of Civilization, sweeping forward with stately step. She is tall and erect; she wears a classic robe of white and a golden girdle. On her head she wears a wreath of oak leaves. At her side hangs a sheathed sword; on her right arm she carries a sheath of wheat and in her hand a sickle. As she approaches, the Wilderness becomes more and more defiant, and asserts his power over the Spirits. The Spirit of Civilization stops on coming up on to the greensward and raises her left hand. The spirits rise in spite of the Wilderness' angry threats against them. There follows a dramatic dance in which the Spirit of Civilization tries to win over the Nature Spirits. The Wilderness starts back up the hill, compelling all the spirits to go with him and keeping himself between them and the Spirit of Civilization. The Mountains and the Forests however seem a little more disposed to remain with the Wilderness. At last the Rivers and the Valleys evading the Wilderness come running down the hill to the Spirit of Civilization, and dancing around her, at first frenziedly, then more quietly. The Wilderness retiring up the hill however still retains his influence over the Spirits of the Mountain Tops, and of the Forests, who retire up the hill ahead of him. As he departs, he acknowledges his defeat, bending forward with outstretched arms toward the Spirit of Civilization, as he goes backward up



the hill to the Old Pine whence he came, and where he disappears. When he has gone, the Spirit of Civilization, to the music of her motif developed into a triumphant march in the orchestra, sweeps forward across the level green followed joyously by the Spirits of the Rivers and of the Valleys, and goes out with them down the hill by the woods on the right of the audience.

## Episode 1

### THE INDIANS AND THE RANGERS (1760-1770)

1. THE INDIANS. From the small hemlocks come a band of Indians with bows and arrows, on the hunt, but also with extra precaution looking out over the valley also, indicating that they realize they are in hostile country. One Indian, standing on a little prominence near the end of the hemlocks sings a short Indian song addressed to his sweetheart back in the mountains across the valley, the words of which mean:

"I shan't be gone long, and when I come back you  
can help me carry the meat home."

He then joins the other Indians in their stealthy advance across the hill, ever ready, their bows drawn. As they come to the edge of the green, one or two see a moose or deer in the woods and point him out. They get ready to attack him, spreading out a little so as to converge on their prey. The young Indian now standing on one of the little knolls sings an Indian hunting song, the words of which mean:

"There he is, right there! Let us go and look!"

As the song ends, the Indians rush forward and shoot their arrows into the woods, and plunge in after their game. They soon emerge again dragging a moose or deer, which they draw onto the green.

2. THE HUNT DANCE. All the Indians dance around their game to music based on the two Indian melodies already used. They then carry their moose up the hill, going out under the Old Pine, and disappearing to the left behind the hemlocks.

3. THE RANGERS. When the Indians have just well disappeared, from the valley, around the right end of the grandstand come Stephen Nash and John Stark. They are dressed in regular Ranger costume with buckskin breeches and coonskin caps. They are clearly on their guard; they sign back for their companions to stay where they are. Advancing very si-

lently and cautiously, one of them finds the track of the Indians as they came down the hill. They follow down to the green, to the spot where the hunt dance was. Smoke rises from behind the trees, indicating that the Indians consider themselves safe and are preparing to cook some of the meat. Nash and Stark steal up the hill. An Indian appears for a moment under the Old Pine, but does not see the two Rangers. They however immediately drop flat on the ground. Finding that they have not been observed, they crawl up the hill and peek through the hemlocks. They then turn and beckon to their companions in the valley to come up, or one goes down to the green and beckons them to come up. A body of Rangers come quietly up from the right hand end of the grandstand, and spreading out advance on the hemlocks.

4. THE FIGHT. At a signal from their leaders, the Rangers fire their flint-locks through the hemlocks and then rush through. There is the noise of a fight beyond the hemlocks, shots, Indian war-hoops, and the shouts of the Rangers. Indians are seen fleeing into the woods on the left; some run down across the top of the hill, pursued by Rangers. The fight is very short. The young Indian who sang the two songs is shot and falls as he runs across the hill near the woods. The Rangers soon emerge from under the Old Pine, helping a few of their wounded along and carrying the carcass of the moose. They come down the hill and go out at the right of the grandstand, the way they came.

5. THE DEATH SONG. When the Rangers have gone, the young Indian struggles up to a reclining posture, and stretching out his hand in supplication to the Great Spirit, sings a death song, the words of which mean:

“Dim is the path before me lying; I know not where  
it leads;

Clouds of doubt hang o’er me dying; I call for  
guidance; no friendly spirit heeds.”

As the young Indian reaches his last notes two Indians creep out of the woods nearby and come to him. They do not reach him however before he falls back on the ground dead. With the last few notes on the orchestra, they pick him up and carry him out through the woods.

## Episode 2

### DR. JONATHAN ARNOLD, THE FOUNDER (1787)

In the woods at the right of the grand-stand is the sound of an axe chopping trees and cutting brush, which continues for some time. From the woods at about the same place comes Martin Adams, a young man, with a surveyor's rod. He goes well across the green to a point near the knoll and holds it for the sight of the surveyor with the transit. He slightly changes his position in evident compliance with signs and shouts from the surveyor. Then enter from the same direction Dr. Jonathan Arnold and General James Whitelaw, the latter carrying a wooden compass.

DR. ARNOLD

That is good; that is where the line should run.

WHITELAW

Now which way next? Up over the hill?

ARNOLD

Yes. Up there, Martin.

WHITELAW

Would it not be better to go around here? That is the way you marked it on the sketch you sent me from Bennington. See; here it is.

ARNOLD

Yes, yes, but I also told you to better it if you could. And you can. Up there with you, Martin. I like to surmount a difficulty if I can. Over the top is always the best way. Sight on that big old pine tree there, Whitelaw; he'll make a fine landmark.

WHITELAW

Alright, Doctor; but that tree is pretty old now; it may not last long.

ARNOLD

Why, man, that old pine will last here a hundred years more at least, more than that, a hundred and twenty-five or fifty years. Even if lightning strikes it, it will not come down.

(Martin Adams has meantime gone up to the base of the Old Pine, and as the conversation continues, General Whitelaw and Martin Adams proceed with their surveying.)

WHITELAW

Unless lightning strikes you, you will not come down either, I am getting convinced of that, my friend Arnold. What you have done, felling and burning forest, cutting roads, and building bridges, no one else could do;—

ARNOLD (interrupting)

I do not know, Whitelaw; I do not know, Whitelaw; I do not know. I hope so. I want to see this town a flourishing community before I go. But I am not as rugged as I might be, and when I think of that, I work the harder, try to hurry things along. This is a great place for a town! And there shall be one here.

WHITELAW

I agree with you; this is an exceptional location. People will surely be attracted here—in time.

ARNOLD

Not so long.

WHITELAW

Well, they will hardly come before word gets around about it.

ARNOLD

I have taken care of that. Here is a notice I have had printed in the Providence Gazette. You can read it. That will bring people.

WHITELAW (calling to Martin Adams, as he takes a newspaper from Dr. Arnold)

Alright. Now go down there.

[Martin Adams cuts across the top of the hill with his rod and goes down into the valley, passing in front of the small hemlocks. Dr. Arnold watches him, as General Whitelaw reads:]

“On or near the pleasant and healthful River Passumpsick, County of Orange, State of Vermont, inferior to none in quality and climate, for those who prefer a competency with health and safety to luxury with infirmity and danger. Titles to every lot will be had from original grantees, payment to be made in cattle, country produce and labor. For further particulars apply to the subscriber in St. Johnsbury, who will show, not maps and charts, variegated with imaginery plains,

vallies and streams, but soil itself. JONATHAN ARNOLD."

[Dr. Arnold gives an emphatic nod of his head as General Whitelaw finishes the reading, and General Whitelaw nods assentingly with a smile as he returns the newspaper to Dr. Arnold.]

ARNOLD

It is time that Roberts and Tommie Todd were getting back with the supplies from the mill at Barnet. What can it be keeps them! Fine hemlock grows around here!

WHITELAW

For lumber or for medicine?

ARNOLD

Pretty good for both; I was thinking of medicine then.

WHITELAW

You have the contract for the State Medicine Chest at Bennington, I understand, Doctor.

ARNOLD

Yes.

WHITELAW

What is the hemlock good for? I know the Indians sweat a man on hemlock boughs over hot stones for lumbago.

ARNOLD

A decoction of the boughs has been used with success in rheumatic and sciatic complaints; and the pulverized bark is good for scurvy. Thistles grow thick here too; they will often cure quinsy, when other medicines fail.

WHITELAW

Sweet-fern, they tell us, is unsurpassed for worms.

ARNOLD

It is not possessed of so great virtues as has generally been supposed. But, (with a broad smile) it makes good beer. \* \*

\* Here they come. What on earth—What's possessed you, Tommie Todd? What are you kicking?

[Enter around the end of the hill Joel Roberts and Thomas Todd. Roberts has over his shoulder a large bag of meal and in his hand a large jug of rum; Todd has a large bag of potatoes on his back and is kicking along in front of him a big potato.]

TODD

I got it here. That too fine a potato to lose;—

ARNOLD (Calling)

Josiah! Ho, Nichols! Come here. (The sound of chopping ceases)  
(to Todd) Why didn't you pick it up?

TODD

The bag was so heavy, I was afraid if I—

ARNOLD

Too much effort, eh? (Enter Josiah Nichols from the woods.)  
Here, Josiah, give a hand with this meal and these potatoes.  
Don't let Tommie get at the rum, yet awhile, or we will get no  
work out of him. He will go to sleep again, the way he did the  
day we left the rum and the other provisions with him, so  
we changed the name of the West Branch to Sleeper's River.  
(All laugh.) Oh, well!

TODD

You make us work, Doctor. (Todd sits down on the ground  
by his bag of potatoes. Nichols and Roberts have taken the other  
supplies over by the woods. Martin Adams comes up with his  
rod from the valley. Dr. Arnold looks out over the wide  
country before him).

ARNOLD

Seventeen years ago all this land, as far as we can see, which  
is now made by our charter under the seal of Vermont into the  
town of St. Johnsbury, was included in a grant under the seal  
of the Province of New York and given the name of Dunmore.  
They did nothing with it. We will.

ADAMS

Why Dunmore? Who was Dunmore?

ARNOLD

The Earl of Dunmore, a British nobleman. "Forever hereafter  
by the name of Dunmore to be called and known," read the  
charter. But already it is called by another name, and will  
be always, St. Johnsbury. So may end all New York's schemes  
and intermeddlings with the sovereign State of Vermont!  
(cheers).

SEVERAL

Down with the Yorkers! Down with them! (Four of them  
sing as Dr. Arnold half-amusedly listens to them).

(FROM THE SONG OF THE VERMONTERS, BY J. G. WHITTIER)

Ho, all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,  
With your breeches of deer-skin and jackets of brown;  
With your red woolen caps, and your moccasins, come  
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum!

Come down with your rifles!—let gray wolf and fox  
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;  
Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall;  
Here's a two-legged game for your powder and ball!

Ho, all to the rescue! For Satan shall work  
No gain for his legions of Hampshire and York!  
They claim our possessions—the pitiful knaves—  
The tributes we pay shall be prisons and graves!

We owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne;  
Our ruler is law and the law is our own;  
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men,  
Who can handle the sword, or the scythe, or the pen!

From far Michiscoui's wild valley to where  
Poosoomsuck steals down the wood-circled lair,  
From Shoeticook river to Lutterlock town—  
Ho, all to the rescue! Vermonters, come down!

Come York or come Hampshire, come traitors and knaves,  
If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our graves;

Our vow is recorded, our banner unfurled,  
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world!  
(Laughs and cheers as the song is ended)

ARNOLD (With a laugh)

That may have been the way once, and not long since at that;  
but soon now Vermont will be admitted into the United States.

WHITELAW

That will be well nigh as much thanks to you as to any one man,  
Doctor; you were a true friend to Vermont while you were in  
Congress. And you made bitter enemies by it.

ARNOLD

I made enemies by it Whitelaw; I did indeed. But, "in all  
states existing by compact, protection and allegiance are recip-  
rocal, the latter being due only in consequence of the former";  
and how could a body of conferees with limited powers such as  
the Congress then was demand that Vermont should do its will  
without extending their help and protection in return! Vermont  
made such a brave and such an able fight that I was won to  
their side. I did what I could; and then I came—to St. Johns-  
bury.



TODD

Say, men, I can tell you who's Dunmore! Dr. Arnold, he's done more for St. Johnsbury than any man else! (Laughter, as much at him as at his joke).

[Suddenly Dr. Arnold starts forward with an exclamation of pleasure and runs to meet his wife who comes up at the left of the grand-stand. She seems rather weak from the climb, and is supported by one of her sons on one side and by Ruth Farrow, the negro family servant on the other. Several of the children follow. Dr. Arnold takes Ruth's place by his wife and Ruth comes after with the children].

MRS. ARNOLD

I could see you up here, and I wanted to come; you have told me about it up here so much.

ARNOLD

I am delighted you came, if it is not too much of a climb for you. From here you can see all the town,—or where it is going to be. (They come up onto the green and turn around. General Whitelaw joins them; the others stay a little back).

MRS. ARNOLD

Isn't it beautiful!

ARNOLD

There you see, it is a plain! All where you see those trees. That is where the town will be! My town! From the start we will divide it into small lots, each just sufficient for garden and necessary buildings. It will be a city, and the steeples and towers will rise up through the trees, all along there, as stately and fine as in Providence or Philadelphia. Down there is the dam I built; and there, at the end of the plain you see our house? You can just see the smoke curling up. That will do for a while, for ten years maybe, until we have the town well on its way to being an important town. Then I shall build you a splendid mansion, my dear, such as you should have but such as we cannot yet erect. And we will have lilacs in front of the doorway.

MRS. ARNOLD

Yes, husband, but we can wait. If only, General, he would not wear himself out so,—as he does.

ARNOLD

Lilacs! Give me lilacs around me always! They have a home feeling about them; and their fragrance is so strong yet so

delicate. And they spread; I like that about them best of all;—they spread—like my town! Ah, I can see it already, a beautiful clean upright free city, extending all down the plain there, and over down into the valley, and beyond, climbing up on to the hills across the river! (He begins to cough somewhat).

WHITELAW

You are a poet, Doctor.

ARNOLD

No, no indeed. I never wrote but one poem in my life; that was about a partridge that sounded in a hollow to one side of my path; and that poem was, no, it was not good, far from it! My boy, Josias, he is a poet; he can write. You mark my words! You shall yet see a book of poems by him.

MRS. ARNOLD

I am a little tired; I think I shall go back now.

ARNOLD

I will go with you.

WHITELAW

I will finish the survey, Doctor.

ARNOLD

And make Tommie Todd work, really work. Tommie, come, get to work with this axe, or I will re-name you Sleeper, as well as the river. Here take your potatoes back into the woods there with the other provisions. There! (helping Todd get the bag on his shoulder, both in jocular mood; he takes a large potato out of the bag and tosses it down on the ground in front of Todd). There, now kick your potato along the rest of the way. Do nothing half-way!

[Todd starts off toward the right end of the grand-stand, kicking the potato along as he goes. General Whitelaw and the other men go with the surveying instruments and the axes off down the hill and around the end of the hemlocks. Dr. Arnold and his family go directly down at the left of the grand-stand, toward their home at the north end of the Plain].

#### ODE TO THE PASSUMSICK

Words from the Ode written by Josias Lyndon Arnold in  
September, 1790

CHORUS.

Passumsick, hail! who glid'st along,  
Unknown to melody and song,  
    Saving what sung the Indian bard  
Ever yet refinement sought thy shore,  
While thy falls ceas'd to roar  
    And with attention heard.

QUARTETTE.

Thy stream, which runs like fancy's child,  
Irregular and sweetly wild,  
Now from a tall cliff thundering pours  
And foaming laves the rocky shores.

Then fairer scenes thy banks adorn;  
Yellow wheat and waving corn  
Bend in gratitude profound.  
As yielding homage to the ground;

CHORUS.

Passumsick, hail! who glid'st along,  
The theme of many a future song;  
    Had'st thou a wish, that wish should be  
Still on thy banks such scenes to see,  
Where joy and peace are found,  
    Though tumult rages round.

(Note: The last two lines have been slightly modified to adapt the words to musical composition. In the original these lines are:

Where innocence and peace are found,  
While vice and tumult vex the world around).

## Episode 3

### PIONEER SOCIABILITY AND BUSINESS (1790-1800)

Along the road around the end of the hemlocks comes an ox-team. With and on it are General Joel Roberts and his family. There is on the ox-cart a wool-spinning wheel and other similar tools of home-industry; there are also two or three chairs. A young boy, one of the Sanger children, saunters out from the right hand end of the grand-stand; he sees the approaching family, waves to them and then turns back.

SANGER BOY

Mother! Here comes the Roberts'!

[Mrs. Sanger followed by several of her children comes out and goes over to meet the ox-art. They wave to each other. Eleazar Sanger comes out afterward. They exchange greetings, as the ox-cart is stopped near the left end of the grand-stand and the family get out and take out the things].

ELEAZAR SANGER

Glad to see you!

JOEL ROBERTS

Your house is getting to be the regular place to come to put up at, when we come to Town Meeting, Eleazar.

ELEAZAR SANGER

That's good.

MRS. SANGER

We're always glad to see neighbors.

MRS. ROBERTS

We thought we'd come a bit early today, so we brought along the wheel.

MRS. SANGER

That's right; we can spin while we visit.

[Another ox-cart comes from the same direction as the first.]

MRS. SANGER

Well, here are the Hastings. We are glad to see old friends.

Other families arrive in the same way: Dr. Joseph Lord and his family, young Martin Adams with his wife and two children, and his father, Jonathan Adams. Young Josias Lyndon Arnold and his wife, and Ruth Farrow attending them. They have food as well as the other things with them, in wooden trenchers, and some a little pewter. Each family is cordially welcomed. The chairs and spinning wheels are disposed in convenient places and some of the women and girls begin to work as they talk. There are some horses but more ox-teams; one or two horses are ridden by men with women on behind. Each team as the people get off is led down behind the left end of the grand-stand.

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

Yes, Mr. Sanger, we all thought, as this was Town Meeting day we'd come early, bring the pies and cheese and cider and give you and your wife a surprise. So you and your family are our guests this time.

ELEAZAR SANGER

Well, this is a grand surprise; but there is always plenty here for all who come, and welcome.

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

Others who could not leave their work will be along through the day. The women can get the food ready and do their spinning and we men can give a hand with the farm work and talk over the articles that come up in the Town Meeting.

[Enter up from the valley on horseback at a good pace a young girl, eighteen years of age, Elathan Ide. She comes up and clearly but hesitatingly inquires:]

ELATHAN IDE

Is Mr. Arnold here? I went to his house but he was not at home?

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

Here I am.

ELATHAN IDE

My father, John Ide of Reboboth, sent me ahead with the money that was due on his place today.

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

Right on his day! That is like him. Where is he?

ELATHAN IDE

The roads are bad, and—

CAPTAIN JOHN STILES

Yes, we know them! They aren't roads. And bridges—most of the way there are none. But I saw to it that our bridges here were good and would last.

ELATHAN IDE

Yes, he could not get here with the teams and the cattle, so he took one horse out of the wagon, put me on it with the money and sent me ahead.

MRS. SANGER

Ezra, you take her horse for her, and you come with me. You are welcome until your family get here, and as long after as you like.

CAPTAIN JOHN STILES

He's a good man to have come to the town, pays on time and in hard money when meat, grain and furs are all three legal tender. How did he first come to hear of St. Johnsbury?

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

He read a notice my father put in the Providence Gazette some little time back.

[Captain Lovell meets a man named Merritt, who has a flint-lock with him.]

CAPTAIN LOVELL

Merritt, I hate to bother you about it, but that moeny I lent you to build you house with is due some time since.

MERRITT

It is, Captain Lovell, it is; I acknowledge it is. But I tell you the truth how I am. I've just hoed in three acres of wheat, a few potatoes and some barley, which is all the property I have in the world, except flint, powder and gun. I cannot pay you in money, nor in grain either, nor have I any meat on hand. But I will start out tomorrow with my gun, and if Providence favors with my usual success, I promise to pay you the whole debt with furs.

CAPTAIN LOVELL

Alright, Merritt, alright. That will be satisfactory to me. You are a good hunter.

MERRITT

Captain, I'll not wait till tomorrow. I'll go today. (He looks at his flint-bag and at his powder horn and starts off into the woods near the top of the hill).

A number of men with scythes come up from the left end of the grand stand, joking among themselves, yet with a dogged manner. They have evidently been haying; some of them wear striped trousers and striped shirts. As they come up, Captain Lovell sees them with surprise.

CAPTAIN LOVELL

How is it? Why did you stop? I stopped over a moment, but I'd not leave you to do my work alone without me; you did not think that

ONE OF THE HAYERS

No rum, Captain.

CAPTAIN LOVELL

What? (A crowd gathers around interested to hear what is the matter.)

ONE OF THE HAYERS

No rum. You provided no rum for us, Captain. (A great laugh goes up at the Captain's expense).

CAPTAIN LOVELL

Here, who can I send? Charlotte! Go get me a quart of rum. Jump on the horse and get it to the upper meadows as fast as your horse can carry you. That I should let the rum go low! (All laugh again).

THE HAYERS

Alright, Captain; that's alright. (They go out again the way they came).

[Charlotte Lovell jumps on a horse at the left end of the grand-stand and rides off toward the town carrying a large gourd or jug.—Six men carrying large boards come in from the left and go straight across with them into the woods. One of them is Reuben Spaulding.]

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

Well, Mr. Spaulding, how is your house getting on?

REUBEN SPAULDING

Finely, I thank you, Mr. Arnold, I am getting my boards up from the mill, you see. I am going to have a board floor! And board casing too!

JOSIAS LYNDON ARNOLD

If you need any more help, Mr. Spaulding, let me know. We all had a good time at the raising.

REUBEN SPAULDING

I thank you, Mr. Arnold; there are enough of us.

[Abel Shorey comes up to Jeriah Hawkins taking papers out of his pocket as he comes. His two little girls are with him].

ABEL SHOREY

Well, Jeriah Hawkins, it seems as though we might sign these papers right now, if we can get our witnesses.

JERIAH HAWKINS

I agree to it, Mr. Shorey. Eleazer Sanger is my witness. We can go right into the house and close it up.

ABEL SHOREY

Mrs. Brown rightly ought to be my witness, but I don't see her round. (To Stephen Hawkins, a boy of ten, standing with his father) Stephen, you're a likely lad; if you will find Mrs. Brown for me and ask her to come and witness this trade, I will give you my oldest girl. Stephen looks intently at the two little girls a moment and then turns again to Jeriah Hawkins).

STEPHEN HAWKINS

Alright, sir; I will. (He goes off promptly with a business-like air).

ABEL SHOREY

That's a fine lad of yours, Mr. Hawkins.

JERIAH HAWKINS

Yes, he carries a thing through, once he takes hold, whatever it is; even though he is but ten years old. (Stephen comes back with Mrs. Brown).

ABEL SHOREY

Ah, Mrs. Brown, we wanted to close up this sale of the land I am buying from Mr. Hawkins. If you'll step into the house and witness it for me.

MRS. BROWN

Certainly. (They start to go out at the right end of the grandstand. Stephen pulls his sleeve).

STEPHEN HAWKINS

Which of the two is my girl, Mr. Shorey?

What? Oh, sure enough! You're in earnest. This is settled for good now, I see. (Abel Shorey and Jeriah Hawkins laugh.)

JERIAH HAWKINS

It is; you may depend on it, Abel.



## ABEL SHOREY

Well, I am willing. Nabbie, come here. This is the one. And this is Bethiah. Now children run off and play.

[As Jeriah Hawkins, Abel Shorey and Mrs. Brown go into the house, and the children turr back up the hill to play, a horn is heard up over the top of the hill and under the Old Pine appears Bill Trescott, the mail carrier. All gather jubilantly to meet him.]

## STEPHEN HAWKINS

Oh, here comes Bill Trescott, the post-rider!

[Trescott stops at the top of the hill and blows a long blast on his huge tin horn, which he then puts away, the small end inserted in his boot-leg. He is a man of about sixty years; he rides a little black horse, also quite old; on the horse's neck hang a number of old sieves, as he was once a sieve maker and still does an odd job in that line on occasion. He wears a broad-brimmed hat and brown coat; his saddle-bags are full of mail and he carries his overcoat strapped in a roll behind his saddle. As he comes down the hill, a merry smile on his face, there is a cheer. He stops again just as he reaches the people, takes out his tin horn and blows another blast.]

## BILL TRESCOTT

The United States Mail, my good people! The Post! And if you have occasion for either new or old sieves,—your servant to command, William Trescott, sievemaker! (A cheer. He bows and begins to search in his saddlebags for mail. Some he puts back, and continues searching, giving out a letter or paper to the people who crowd around every minute or so). Martin Adams! General Joel Roberts—Mistress Abigail Brown—Mr. Josias Arnold, A. M. Fuller here's your paper.

## FULLER

(Looking at it) What's this mean? Only last week I paid for my paper and here they are calling on me to pay again, right at the top of the paper; first thing I see, in big letters, "Pay the Printer."

## NATHANIEL EDSON

That's not meant for you—that's meant for those that have not paid.

FULLER

Not meant for me! Then what'd they put it in *my* paper for?  
(Trescott takes out a paper, and rather ostentatiously puts it  
into his boot-leg.) No, that is not a letter.

ELEAZER SANGER

What is that, Bill? A poem?

BILL TRESCOTT

It would not be for me to say. Rather it would be for your fine  
appreciation to judge. I only put it aside.

SEVERAL

The poem, Bill! Read us the poem!

BILL TRESCOTT

(Putting the mail aside with a smile and taking out the paper)  
Well, my friends, if you insist,—

SEVERAL

We insist, Bill. Never mind the mail.

BILL TRESCOTT

THE POST RIDER AND THE FARMER

How little do the Farmers know  
What we poor Posts do undergo;  
We're forced to stem the wind and tide  
And go a-foot when we can't ride.  
We force our way through drifts of snow  
To let the Farmers weekly know  
What's going on in foreign clime,  
That he his business safe may time.  
When storms come on we can't forbear  
The whip or spur to good old mare;  
Slap feet and hands and rub each ear  
To keep from freezing half the year.  
Meanwhile the Farmer by his fireside sits,  
Drinks his good cider and eats his cakes,  
And when he pleases takes his tea and toast  
And reads the news brought by his Post.  
But he that would his conscience free,  
Will give his Post a dish of tea;  
And now and then a glass of sling  
To make his horn more clearly ring;  
And pay him up well, once a year,  
That he the sheriff may not fear,  
Whene'er he meets him at his door—  
Here's a gentle hint once more!

SEVERAL

That's a poem; that' a poem, Bill! (Cheers).

BILL TRESCOTT

I thank you. (He puts the paper back where he got it in the saddlebags.

[A woman comes up to him with a dish of tea, which he accepts with scrumptious courtesy, just as Eleazer Sanger comes up on the other side with a mug of sling. He now with even greater palaver returns the tea, takes the sling, drinks it and goes on handing out mail. People look at thir mail. Trescott blows his horn; then stops and beckons Eleazer Sanger aside, hands him a paper, and says in a manner embarrassed and almost sad]

BILL TRESCOTT

Read this to my friends after I have gone. Wait until I have gone.

[He blows an other belligerent blast on his tin horn, puts spurs to his horse and canters off down into the valley and along the level toward the town. Hearty cheers as he goes) ]

ELEAZER SANGER

Here friends, Bill wanted me to read this after he had gone. (reads):

“THE OLD POST RIDER WILLIAM TRESCOTT

Who for five years, with zeal most fervent,

Has been the Public's Humble Servant,  
would with frankness and candor inform his friends and patrons that an execution is issued against him of considerable amount, which accrued in consequence of his being a bondsmen, and that unless said Execution be cancelled during the life of it, nothing but the confines of a prison await him. Therefore, all those indebted to him for newspapers, sieves or any other thing, will pelase repay him at once and without further request, for punctuality is not only the life of business, but adds much to the harmony of society. Those who wish to pay in produce may lodge it at the widow Sophia Stevens' in Barnet, at Clarke's store or Jewett's in St. Johnsbury, at John Foy's in Concord, and Blake's in Waterford.

WILLIAM TRESCOTT.”

SEVERAL

We will; we'll raise the amount for him.

JOEL ROBERTS

And we will see that all of us that pay in produce give generous measure.

SEVERAL

Yes, yes, Old Trescott must not be in trouble.

JOEL ROBERTS

That is one thing we need in this town, a set of weights and measures, sealed, so we can have a standard easily accessible for our trading and barter. I will bring that up in the Town Meeting. What else is to come up

JOSEPH LORD

Well, we have to elect a representative for the town to the General Assembly. Josias Arnold is the man, in my opinion.

JOEL ROBERTS

Yes, quite right; he is the man to send to the Assembly. He is a man that is truly the son of his father. What else is there?

SIMEON COBB

There is an article placing a bounty on wolves.

JOEL ROBERTS

That is good; it is sorely needed. How much it is?

SIMEON COBB

Ten dollars to any inhabitant who shall take track of a wolf in the town and kill him in any part of the State.

JOEL ROBERTS

And I will move that the Town raise \$25 to purchase a set of weights and measures. Believe me it will be found there is nothing more important for the people of this town,—now and always.

ELEAZAR SANGER AND MRS. SANGER

Come, friends, the supper is ready. Come right in. Ezra, you and Nahum drive in the sheep. Jonathan, blow the dinner horn

[Jonathan stands forth a little from the right end of the grand-stand and blows a horn as the people all pass out together by him, and as the two boys drive the sheep down off the hill and around to their fold].

## **Interlude 1**

### **THE FIELDS AND THE STREAMS**

1. **THE FIELDS.** With music of the motif of the Valleys in the orchestra fully developed, enter quickly from the two sides of the grand-stand all the Spirits of the Valleys. They spread up from the green over the hill, where they dance after their own manner, leaving however a winding open space leading from the top of the hill to the knoll. At the same time at the top of the hill appear the Spirits of the Mountains and of the Forests, who cover the upper part of the hill. There they remain through the dance.

2. **THE STREAMS.** Then with music in the orchestra of the motif of the Rivers, enter from the top of the hill, through the Spirits of the Mountains and Forests, some of whom form an arch for them, in one stream all the Spirits of the Rivers, tossing their veils, white and very pale green, up and down before them to give the effect of rapids and water-falls. They come down to the knoll, hesitate a moment, and then plunge over, whirling about in a circle on the green at the foot of the knoll and then running off directly toward the left end of the grand-stand. When the first River-Spirits are near the end of the grand-stand, the whole stream does not advance any further. They do not stop however, but keep up a continuous motion, dancing and tossing their veils to give the effect of flowing water and of water-falls, while the music in the orchestra plays the motif of the Rivers developed into a gurgling, rushing theme expressive of water-power.

3. **THE FUTURE.** Then idly, changefully, capriciously enter from the right hand end of the grand-stand the Spirit of the Future. Her dark hair streams down about her and over her face, at times completely hiding her face from view. She is clad in a rich dark shining blue, with shades of lustrous black. Through her draperies and through her hair threads of dark blue and dark green tinsel stream. Her manner is changeful; sometimes uncertain and capricious; she peers out through her hair and under her hands; sometimes rising imperially erect, she casts her hair back from her face, a vision of hope and inspiration; then mysteriously glides away, or suddenly hides herself again in the gorgeous clouds of her hair. She dances about alone on the green, heedless for the while of the spirits on the hill above her.

4. **THE APPEAL.** Gradually the Fields turn their attention to the Future, appealing to her in winsome dances to come to them. Then the Streams also beckon to her in their wilder, more independent manner, until the Future dances up among the Fields and dances with them. Their dance forthwith reaches its highest ecstasy of pastoral gladness, tossing their garlands high in the air and spinning around with confidence and joy. The Streams still pursue their own way, tossing their veils up and down, but they resent the success of the Fields and try to win the Future from them. Now well up on the hill, the Future alternates between them, going over to the Streams, then laughingly returning to the Fields, only to leave them again in a moment to go back to the Rivers. The music also alternates between the two motifs according as the Future goes over to the one or to the other; but always before the Future changes a few notes of her own motif sounds out to mark the change of her caprice. The rivalry between the two groups of spirits waxes intense, the Rivers rousing themselves to their utmost efforts and lashing their veils, as though striving with the pouring torrents of the spring freshets seize the Future and carry her away with them.

5. **THE DECREE OF THE FUTURE.** Finally with the motif of the Future sounding forth more slowly and distinctly than before, as if in final decision, the Future, casting aside her capriciousness, advances into the stream of the Rivers with the mien of a goddess awarding the decrees of destiny. The River Spirits on the upper part of the hill open a little in front of her and close behind her as she sweeps down the hill through the midst of the water-course until she reaches the knoll. There an instant she poses, standing in imperious majesty on the brink of the knoll, then with a rush of music consisting of the motif of the Rivers developed to its extreme power, she plunges over the knoll with the nearer River Spirits, stopping and posing a moment at the bottom as the River Spirits that come over with her whirl around her and then sweeping off down the stream and out at the left of the grand-stand, followed by all the rest of the River Spirits down the water-course, while the Field Spirits run lightly down to the two exits whence they came.

## Episode 4

### THE FIRST CHURCH (1809)

From the woods and from the right end of the grand-stand come some young men with balls and bats for the game of Long Ball; they are joined by others coming from the opposite direction. They choose sides for a game. Some of them have small bottles or gourds of rum or cider, of which they take drinks too freely but not too extravagantly, and which they offer to others of the young men. Down on the level there is some cheering and two young men and a young woman are seen galloping down the level stretch in a race. The whole scene is one of joviality and mild hilarity but not of inordinate disorderliness. This continues for a while in contrast to the main action of the episode but not so as to distract from it.

Then from various directions come the nineteen people, six men are thirteen women who are to start the church. Some of them are on horseback, the women having their dresses tucked up. Several of the young women are barefoot, carrying their shoes and stockings; when they come on to the grounds they sit down on the ground and put them on. As they come, they all greet each other in a quiet, simple, earnest manner.

#### HUBBARD LAWRENCE

Friends, this is a blessed day for us, every one, and for the town of St. Johnsbury, bringing the organization of a church which will nourish the fear and the love of God among us.

#### ANDREW PUTNAM

So shall we be able to raise the standard of conduct and life among our neighbors and instill a reverence for the Sabbath among them.

#### JOHN BARKER

It is five years since Thomas Pierce gave the land for the Meeting House. Too long! He gave the land that we might have a church quite as much as for the Town Meetings.

#### DAVID STOWELL

But now at last we have our church, and we shall today at least

make such a beginning as will light a candle which shall not soon be put out. Here come our brethren from the other churches; the Council can now soon convene.

[There enter together on horseback from the road around the hill several ministers, among them the Rev. Dr. Leonard Worcester. They alight at the edge of the green from their horses, which are taken back behind the grand-stand. The Nineteen people gather together and gravely salute the ministers on their entrance].

HUBBARD LAWRENCE

Reverend friends, you are most welcome to us this day in the name of the Lord.

REV. DR. LEONARD WORCESTER

It is a great joy to us to come, beloved brethren, to assist in instituting a new church among those whom the Lord hath elected to be His chosen representatives.

DAVID STOWELL

Reverend sirs, we have waited long in patience for this day to come.

DR. WORCESTER

We are ready as soon as you have all your congregation gathered together.

DAVID STOWELL

We are all here.

DR. WORCESTER

All are here. There are 700 people in the town, are there not? (Stowell bows in acquiescence) And only these—

DAVID STOWELL

Nineteen.

DR. WORCESTER

Nineteen out of 700 souls?

HUBBARD LAWRENCE

The town has not been greatly religious. There has been opposition to having a church. Not till 1794 was the question considered of raising money to pay for the preaching of the Gospel and the Town Meeting decided in the negative. Six years the question was voted down. Not till 1804 did we get our Meeting House. But now we who have come together have decided that we must have our organized church.



DR. WORCESTER

But verily we would suggest to you that this is too poor a showing to organize a church. You would be too feeble to stem the vain and ungodly influence of the major number of the town.

HUBBARD LAWRENCE

Nay, but this business must go on. We are too poor to live without the ordinances of the Gospel.

ALL THE NINETEEN

We are too poor. In the name of God, we must have our church.

DR. WORCESTER

It is the Spirit of God that speaks in you. And with His help and by His strength you, even you Nineteen, will turn the feet of this town from the flowery paths of lightness and frivolity to the narrow path that leads to Eternal Life.

ALL THE NINETEEN

Amen. So would we, by His grace.

DR. WORCESTER

Hubbard Lawrence is your Moderator?

DAVID STOWELL

He is.

HUBBARD LAWRENCE

The Council will come to order. Will our brother, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Worcester lead us in prayer.

DR. WORCESTER

O God, Our Heavenly Father and Ruler, whose Son, Jesus Christ, called together into a room apart his twelve disciples to start His Church on earth, bless Thou these nineteen souls who have come apart to form a congregation of Thy Church, to feed on Thy Word, and to spread the knowledge of Thy Name throughout this town. Lead their steps in Thy paths, give them courage and steadfastness to endure to the end, give their teaching and their example power among their fellow-townsmen, and bring them at last to the mansions in the New Jerusalem which Thou hast prepared for those who live with Thee in this life. We ask it in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord.

ALL THE NINETEEN

Amen.

HUBBARD LAWRENCE

At a previous meeting a Creed and Covenant were drawn up and approved. The Clerk will read the names of those who have

approved this Creed and Covenant; and each one so approving will assent as his name is called.

[David Stowell reads the names of the Nineteen and each one answers as his name is called, expressing his sent.]

In the order in which they are written in the handwriting of David Stowell in the Records of the Congregational Church, in St. Johnsbury.

Martha Aldrich	John Barker
Andrew Putnam	Stephen Ayer
Hubbard Lawrence	David Stowell
Samuel Eaton	Aphia Wight
Rebecca Houghton	Sarah Ayer
Lucy Putnam	Susanna Mansfield
Rebecca Brown	Ruth Barker
Mary Lawrence	Mary Bissel
Nancy Ayer	Rebecca Stowell

Susanna Baldwin

#### HUBBARD LAWRENCE

We have now, this 21st day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1809, in due form constituted the First Congregational Church of St. Johnsbury. Being of the Congregational order, we recognize no ecclesiastical authority save that of our own deliberative will enlightened and directed by the Holy Spirit. But we desire fellowship with the neighboring churches and therefore ask them to give us recognition as a Congregational Church and to receive us into their fellowship.

#### DR. WORCESTER

With joy and gladness we receive you and extend to you the right hand of fellowship.

#### HUBBARD LAWRENCE

Let us join in praising God by singing the hymn, "Hark, from the tombs a doleful sound!"

[All join in singing the hymn. The accompaniment consists only of the bass viol, the clarinet and the flute, played by three members of the congregation.]

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound  
My ears, attend the cry—  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.  
Where you must shortly lie.

Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound  
My ears, attend the cry—  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie!  
We'll rise above the sky.

[Hubbard Lawrence then asks if they will elect a minister to be their pastor. They proceed to elect the Rev. Pearson Thurston of Somersworth to be the first minister and despatch two of their number to notify him and to bring him to the church. While they are gone, several other people come in and join the congregation from time to time, among them Isaac Wing and his wife and their nine children.]

#### DAVID STOWELL

Mr. Moderator and brethren and sisters, it devolves upon us now to see that our meetings for the worship of God comport with the reverence that is due His holy name. In the Town Meeting it has been the custom for each man, if he so will, to bring his dog with him. There is nothing out of the ordinary in this. But dogs are dogs and it is their nature to bark and to fight, nor would I want a dog that did not. But it is not seemly for dogs to fight in that church meeting of worship. We must recognize that fact and provide for it. We would not of course exclude a man's dog from the Meeting House. That would be unreasonable; and in the winter a dog, lying on his master's feet, keeps a man warm, as good as a foot-stove. So I would move that a committee of five persons be appointed to expel dogs from the Meeting House on Sundays when occasion arises and that they be authorized to take such measures as they think proper.

[The vote is taken; the motion is declared passed; and the Moderator appoints as this committee General Joel Roberts, Captain John Barker, General R. W. Fenton, Simeon Coles and Abel Shorey.

#### CAPTAIN JOHN BARKER

Mr. Moderator, we should likewise look to the welfare of our fellow-townsmen in the matter of sober and godly conduct. The use of the ardent spirits has been common to enliven social occasions for many years, at musters, raisings, huskings, balls and elections. Some regard it as a necessity. But there are some who imbibe more than is necessary, to their own hurt and the un

hallowed disturbance of the community, even on the Sabbath. The congregation should set a sober example to the world. And therefore let us each pledge ourselves to abstain from all intoxicating liquors and to that end let us put our names on a paper so stating. Others we will welcome to join us in this pledge; we will show our friends the paper, but not argue with them. So shall no contention arise, but in time our town will be known, not as a place of intoxication and purposeless dissipation, but as the home of industry and cheerful sobriety.

[The vote approves this proposal, and a paper is passed around which all sign. While this is going forward, there enters the Rev. Pearson Thurston with the two people who went after him. All come to order; the men bow and the women curtsy to him as he approaches.]

HUBBARD LAWRENCE . . . . .

Mr. Thurston, the First Congregational Church of St. Johnsbury have heard that you are eminent in the learning and in the practise of the ways of the Lord and they have elected you to be their minister.

REV. PEARSON THURSTON

Brethren, I have been notified of my election, and I rejoice in it. I accept it and with the help of God I will devotedly preach His Word to you and serve you as His minister.

[The congregation go up, one by one, and fervently grasp his hand. When most of the people have thus greeted the new minister, the Constable approaches him with a paper in his hand.]

CONSTABLE

Mr. Thurston, we welcome you to our town right gladly, and we hope you will long remain with us. I have a duty to perform as Constable, if you will be so good as to give me your attention while I read this paper to you.

REV. PEARSON THURSTON

I will gladly listen to you, brother.

CONSTABLE

(reads) : *State of Vermont,*

*County of Caledonia, ss:—*

*To Samuel Eaton, First Constable of the Town of St. Johnsbury in said County, Greeting:*

*You are hereby requested to summon Pearson Thurston and*

*family, now just become resident in St. Johnsbury to depart said town.*

*Here of fail not, but of this precept with your doings herein legal service and due return make according to law.*

*Given under our hands at St. Johnsbury, this 21st day of November, 1809.*

**ARIEL ALDRICH,  
PHILO BRADLEY,  
JOEL HASTINGS.**

*Selectmen.*

There, sir, I have finished, if you will accept this paper. That is so you will not become a town charge, to protect the town. Now you are entirely a citizen of St. Johnsbury.

**REV. PEARSON THURSTON**

I accept the paper. A curious welcome, a warning to depart from the town as soon as I have been called here to be your pastor, but I accept it in the way it is meant.

[The welcoming continues until all have shaken his hand.]

**REV. PEARSON THURSTON**

Now brethren, are there any among you who want to be received into the membership of this church?

[A number come forward. Among them Mr. and Mrs. Wing bring forward their nine children.]

**REV. PEARSON THURSTON**

In due course these people will be received into the membership of the church. Mr. Wing, you bring a noble family to the Lord. What are their names?

**WING**

Arethusa Wing, Suky Wing, Betsy Wing, Barnabas Wing, Fanny Wing, David Wing, Lewis Wing, Luthera Wing, Appolos Wing.

[As their father gives their names, each one steps forward and bows or curtsies to the minister, who returns their bow or puts his hand on their heads kindly.]

**REV. PEARSON THURSTON**

In these children and in all the other children of your homes shall this town grow up into the nurture and grace of God. So looking forward may our lives together in this town prepare us for that home with God which He has prepared for all that love Him. Let us all join in singing the hymn, The New Jerusalem.

[With one accord all the people sing the hymn. The first time the accompaniment consists of the base viol, the clarinet and the flute, as before. The second time, sung as the people all go out by the left end of the grand-stand, the Pageant Chorus and the full Orchestra take up the hymn.]

THE NEW JERUSALEM

From the third Heaven where God resides  
That holy, happy place,  
The New Jerusalem comes down  
Adorned with shining grace.

## Episode 5

### THE INVENTION OF THE SCALES (1830)

[From the road around the hill comes a man from Danville with a load of hemp. At the same time from the right end of the grand-stand comes Francis Bingham, a trusted employe of the firm of E. & T. Fairbanks. At the same time an old wooden-beam scale is brought out and set up.]

FRANCIS BINGHAM

How are you    Want to sell your hemp?

DRIVER

Yes. What's the price of hemp now?

BINGHAM

\$15 a ton, undressed.

DRIVER

Well, weigh it up.

[The load of hemp is hauled up to the edge of the green, the chains are hooked around the axle and the weights put on, one by one. Meanwhile, from the right comes Mr. Erastus Fairbanks with a farmer.]

FARMER

Well, I never used any but a wooden plow with a steel point. A neighbor of mine got one of your new plows; I expected to see it break all to pieces; but it's first class, and I calculate that if I put a bit a money into a good plow, I may do a bit better.

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

Everything we make here, we make as if we were to use it ourselves. What do you raise?

FARMER

Oh, everything, pretty much; whatever I think I might get a chance to sell; don't always guess right, that's my trouble.

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

You ought to raise hemp.

FARMER

I could not go into just one crop. I might not sell it all.

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

You could sell all you raised. That is the crop now.

FARMER

I don't know. I might; I'd be afraid—

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

We will buy it of you.

FARMER

If you say that, I'd feel safe. All know that if you put your word behind a thing, it's safe.

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

No; I've had my failures; and may have more. But I do my best; maybe they know that. Here's this man bringing us a load of hemp. The price is high just now; he's getting \$15 a ton. You raise hemp and it is my judgment you will soon do well.

[While they have been talking, Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks has come in and stood watching the weighing of the hemp.]

BINGHAM

Close as I can make it, that load weighs about three-quarters of a ton; that's \$11.25 we'll give you for it.

DRIVER

Well, I don't doubt that may be right, you always treated me fair, you people, but I should have thought that load would have weighed up more than that.

BINGHAM

Well, I said as close as I can make it. A just measure is what we want, both to give and to get, nothing else. We'll weigh it again if you want.

DRIVER

No, no, I guess it—

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

Wait a moment. I have something better. This is a good time to try it. The wooden-beam is not accurate on large loads. The Major is a good man with the yard, but now any man can weigh to the pound and know the weight. Bingham, go and have a couple of men bring in that new platform scale of mine. This old beam has worried me sorely. If a thing is only pretty nearly right, it is all wrong. We must have a scale that is right.

[Bingham goes out and from the right is brought in the platform scales; it is set up, near the other. All come around evincing great interest.]



ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

You have it finished, have you, Thaddeus?

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

It is just finished this morning, and now this man can himself see and be satisfied in regard to the exact weight of his hemp and we shall be able to pay the exact, just value of what we buy from our customers.

FARMER

And I allow you people are as anxious about giving just measure as any one is to get just measure.

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

That is what is needed in all trade the world around.

DRIVER

How does it work?

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

The levers under this platform rest upon four knife-edge bearings; they are combined and hang to the short arm of the beam here.

DRIVER

There is great money in that, Mr. Fairbanks.

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

Yes, it is worth a good deal. I would not take \$1,000 for it right now.

FARMER

And you are right.

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

But better still, that will be of great benefit in trade and business. It will settle many business disputes in advance. Weighing in large quantities is so inaccurate, so unreliable, that business, now, is a question of which man can get ahead of the other. All wrong! (The weighing is finished.) There, you see, even though the lead had to be taken off the cart, it is all weighed quicker than the other way, and the hemp weighs 1487 lbs. exactly.

FARMER

Is this the first load that has been weighed with it?

THADDEUS FAIRBANKS

Yes, the first load that has been weighed with it in actual business.

FARMER

I am glad I was here. This is a great day for this town, in my thinking; and a great day for other towns, too.

**DRIVER**

You'll make these to sell? My town will want one for their town scales.

**ERASTUS FAIRBANKS**

As soon as it is patented. Thaddeus is going to set out on horseback for Washington to get a patent for it in a few days now or weeks at most.

**FARMER**

I am thinking you will make nothing but scales before long.

**ERASTUS FAIRBANKS**

Well, we will, I expect, make a good many; but as yet it is impossible to tell whether the sale will be big enough to keep us busy with scales altogether. We shall have to have some other line ready, is it not true, Thaddeus? We must keep a balance in our affairs, and provide with foresight for whatever may come.

**THADDEUS FAIRBANKS**

Take the scales back in, Bingham; and pay for the hemp. Drive it around and unload it.

**ERASTUS FAIRBANKS**

You go into hemp, my friend; you will succeed. Hemp is the greatest opportunity in the country for an industrious honest farmer.

[The two scales, the old and the new, are carried out to the right. Thaddeus Fairbanks goes out with the new platform scale. Erastus Fairbanks goes out with the farmer.]

## Episode 6

### THE RAILROAD AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF BUSINESS (1850)

From the right of the audience come Mr. and Mrs. Joseph P. Fairbanks, just as is heard, supposedly in a house, the strains of a Haydn sonata on a piano. They stop to listen. Others passing also stop to listen—among them George W. Ely and his wife, the Rev. Luther Jewett, now 77 years of age, and several children. They all stand quietly listening until the music ceases. Then from the direction of the music comes Mrs. Thayer, followed by John H. Paddock, her cousin.

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

Ah, Cousin Charlotte, that was beautiful music.

THE OTHERS

Beautiful! Beautiful! It was delightful!

MRS. THAYER

It was a delight to me if you enjoyed it! (With a curtsy.)

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

Your music always takes me back to the days when we were young folks together. Especially to one night in 1832, when I had come back from Troy. I stopped at the head of the Plain. All was dark and silent; only a few lights were seen twinkling at the windows down the street. The shade trees, the houses, the fields, the hills which rose darkly against the horizon seemed to greet me. It was the first time I had got back to St. Johnsbury after I had for the first time gone away and tried to call some other place home. And as I stood out here on the street, you sat down at the piano-forte and played this same piece. It was too much for me; I could not come in; and I drove on down to Father's.

MRS. THAYER

Ah, Cousin Joseph, it was always a joy to play for you.

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

The music you play always appeals to the finer sentiments; may we always have such music in our town!

MRS. THAYER

Those days! And today we have the railroad! How little did we ever dream of such a thing!

GEORGE W. ELY

Today? Do the cars come through today?

JOHN H. PADDOCK

Yes, today, at last; it is so expected. Through from Boston; the cars will save a whole day on the journey. People are coming into town from a long distance to see the cars.

REV. DR. LUTHER JEWETT

This is the day and I am not going to miss it. I have waited here, walking up and down, nearly three hours now. In my opinion it will be worth while.

GEORGE W. ELY

It is a great thing for this town! I see already that we shall have to increase our shops at once. Not only will the cost of shipping our hoes and forks be greatly cut down, but we can enter a much larger range of markets, and send out tools as far as—as far as we like and can get customers.

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

In that way the railroad will be a great boon to the farmers.

JOHN H. PADDOCK

The stage-coach and the big wagons we have transported our ores and you your scales with will soon be forgotten.

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

Not the stages. They will go back into the districts off the line of the railroad and make short hauls instead of long journeys. All the northern Connecticut and Passumpsic Valleys will be opened up to the world by this railroad.

[Other people come in passing in the same direction, —among them Mr. A. G. Chadwick and his wife, and Captain James Ramsey. They join the others, as Willard Brockway of Sutton and family pass through.

WILLARD BROCKWAY

There, look at that, children, what I have bought for you.

CHILDREN

What is it? Isn't it a lovely color.

WILLARD BROCKWAY

That is called an orange. It is a fruit that grows in Florida.

You take that home and it will be the first orange ever seen in Sutton. But before long, now that the railroad has come, oranges and many other strange fruits and things from all over the world will be common here.

ONE CHILD

But an orange could never become *common*! Oh, let me carry it!

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

Did you notice that That is true: The railroads are changing the whole condition of the country, setting in motion new currents, raising the value of land, building up new places of business, and increasing beyond all calculation the amount of travel, thereby bringing people in different parts of the country together and uniting them more closely in their interests. The railroad will raise the moral character of the nation and bring it more nearly to a level.

A. G. CHADWICK

Captain Ramsey here has long been a believer in the railroad, underground anyway.

CAPTAIN JAMES RAMSEY

Well, the less said about that the better. (All laugh.) I am free to say I am a stiff anti-slavery man, and I will do all I can to help escaped slaves get to Canada.

A. G. CHADWICK

You can see the moral value of the railroad that Mr. Fairbanks was talking about even if it is a little dark down there underground. (Laugh.)

CAPTAIN JAMES RAMSEY

I agree with Mr. Fairbanks on the moral value of the railroad. But now I must go down to the station.

A. G. CHADWICK

Going home? Which station? Which railroad?

CAPTAIN JAMES RAMSEY

The Connecticut and Passumpsic. The *new* railroad.

[Captain Ramsey goes off down the hill as Mr. Erastus and Mr. Thaddeus Fairbanks come in from the right.]

GEORGE W. ELY

Congratulations, Mr. Fairbanks, on the success of the railroad!

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

I thank you. It is a success. On the Boston exchange the stock

of the Connecticut and Passumpsic since this extension has gone up \$8 in three months, from \$83 to \$91.

GEORGE W. ELY

Is it true that there is to be an express company running from St. Johnsbury?

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

It is. A company by the name of Cheney & Co. have taken the exclusive right to run express cars for the transmission of packages over the railroad.

JOHN H. PADDOCK

There will be a large crowd on hand to see the cars come in. It will be fortunate if no one is run over.

A. G. CHADWICK

Not only now but continually. The danger will be special in the case of the children, who will not understand the tremendous speed at which a railroad locomotive travels. I have written an editorial on this for Saturday's Caledonian.

MRS. ELY

Would it not be delightful to get up a party to take a trip on the railroad.

MRS. THAYER

Yes, we could go down—how far could we go and get back the same day, Cousin Erastus?

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

You could go down to White River Junction, have dinner there and come back the same day.

SEVERAL

To White River Junction! Think of it!

MRS. ELY

The riding by steam would be so new and novel. I believe we could get one or two hundred to go.

JOHN H. PADDOCK

Look! Look! It is a common sight, but not much longer will it be seen. There go two of the wagons with iron castings.

GEORGE W. ELY

And there goes the stage-coach. People will travel otherwise soon.

[The group move toward the left and look down into the valley where the stage-coach goes hurriedly past and the large covered wagons follow. In a moment the sound of the engine whistle is heard.]

JOHN H. PADDOCK

There it is.

SEVERAL

The cars! The cars!

JOSEPH P. FAIRBANKS

To me it is the sound of advancing education and of progress spreading enlightenment over the whole country and uplifting us all into a finer, truer citizenship.

ERASTUS FAIRBANKS

It is! It is! Oh, let us hurry down to the station to see the cars. (Emphasizing his remark he sticks his cane into the ground and hurries off without it; his brother going last, sees it, and takes it along with a laugh.)

[They all start down the hill in great excitement. The first train, ringing its bell and blowing its whistle, passes along the valley coming from the south. Below in the valley, its approach is greeted by cheers and cheers, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon.]

## Interlude 2

### THE TRADE OF THE WORLD

To the tune of Yankee Doodle in the orchestra from the top of the hill comes Uncle Sam in his traditional costume of striped trousers, blue coat and high white hat, with a youth dressed like a Rollo, only all in green, to represent Vermont.

Then from the end of the hemlocks come a western miner and an eastern business man disputing over a trade. They get more and more excited over their quarrel, until they see Uncle Sam. They come to him and appeal to him to settle their dispute. He seems for a while quite puzzled, hearing first one and then the other. Finally he motions them aside, turns to the green-clad youth and sends him on an errand. The lad runs away up the hill, disappears, and in a moment returns to Uncle Sam with a miniature scales of the commercial type.

This he gives to Uncle Sam, who has meantime been suppressing the two disputants' strenuous attempts to renew their arguments. Uncle Sam hands the scales to the two, who by this means quickly reconcile their differences and bow their gratitude to Uncle Sam and to Vermont.

Then from various directions come the different nations of the world disputing with each other, France and Germany, England and Russia, Italy and Spain, Denmark and Sweden, China and Japan, Cuba and Porto Rico, Mexico and South America. All, through the suggestion of the western and eastern men, bring their disputes to Uncle Sam and by means of the scales are reconciled. The music consists of national airs of countries represented.

At the end all come into line, two by two, with Uncle Sam and the green clad Rollo at the head, march in jovial mood around and out at the left hand end of the grand-stand at a quick step to the tune of Yankee Doodle.



## Episode 7

### THE COUNTY SEAT (1856)

Enter from the right a Foreman of workmen engaged in removing bodies from the old Burying Ground to make place for the new Caledonia County Court House. Slowly following him come four workmen, carrying an improvised bier on which is a coffin, which they carry straight across the green and out, at the left. A man looking like an actor stands watching.

FOREMAN

Come, come, don't be so slow there! Don't keep the old folks awaiting. Treat 'em like you'd want to be treated, if you was dead and gone and going to be moved. There, now; easy. Hurry back. They don't like being disturbed, likely; but as we must, be quick about it and get it done.

[Enter a Farmer with his whip in hand, who stands watching the removal and when the Foreman returns, addresses him.]

FARMER

Taking the old bodies out, I see.

FOREMAN

We are.

FARMER

Where are ye taking 'em?

FOREMAN

Up there to the new ground, a wee bit beyond the head of the Plain. Mt. Pleasant, they are going to call the new cemetery. Isn't that a grand name for a burying ground? Wouldn't you like to lie in it?

FARMER

Well, I dunno as I am thinking much of dying yet. Crops is good and I can sell all I raise right here in St. Johnsbury. I reckon I can do about as well here as in any world.

FOREMAN

I don't doubt but you can. You might not do so well in the next world. But take my advice; you'd better be thinking of dying. It's good for a man.

[The four workmen carry another body through. The Farmer gazes in interest and curiosity. As they pass, one of them gives the Foreman a piece of paper.]

FOREMAN

Lift up there on your corner, Ben, just a bit. Don't let it slip.

FARMER

Whose body is that, now?

FOREMAN

One of the old folks, just. I keep their names on a piece of paper; I don't carry them in my head.

FARMER

But why are they moving the old burying ground?

FOREMAN

To make place for the new County Court House. Surely you know that, with all the excitement and the pieces there was in the paper.

FARMER

Yes, I knew that. But why wouldn't they take some other lot, and leave the bodies alone.

FOREMAN

Well, I'll tell ye. Right here is the best spot in all the town for the County Building. It's right where all the roads meet. From the railroad, they have just to step up the hill; from the north and the south, here come the roads. It's right here, within a quarter of a mile, that the larger part of the business and trading of the county is done. Right here you farmers and traders has your quarrels and disputes; and so right here you might as well go to law and settle them.

FARMER

Well, I allow this is where the people all over the county is getting to come more than any place else. I come around, and I don't mind saying so, to thinking St. Johnsbury is the place to have the Court House.

FOREMAN

And then the old folks—this is no place for them to be any longer. They have done with the quarrels and disputes of this world. What they want is a nice quiet beautiful spot where they can think of the next world they are coming to, whether it is up or down they go. I shall be one of them myself before long. What they want is a lovely place, like Mt. Pleasant there, away from the noise and bustle where they can get their families together and quietly wait for the morning.

[The Foreman goes over to the right to give directions. As he turns back, another coffin is brought out. The Farmer follows the men and the coffin out. As the Foreman comes back from the left, the man who looks like an actor, and who has been quietly watching and listening comes over to the Foreman.]

ACTOR

My friend; I suppose you did not know Yorick?

FOREMAN

York? No, I never have been to New York. Always lived in Vermont. And I confess I still have a bit of feeling against the Yorkers, for what they tried to do against Vermont,—even though that is all past and gone long ago,—yes, long, long ago. But I can remember, when I was a boy.

ACTOR

No, Yorick I said. I suppose you never were familiar with Yorick? (with a smile.)

FOREMAN

No; no. He never lived here. Nor buried here either. And I'd know, I guess.

ACTOR

No, in the play. You made me think of the Grave-Digger and his friend, Yorick, in the play—

FOREMAN

I'm not a grave-digger, though I could. Anyone could. I'm just in charge of this job,—just looking out for my old friends, now they are gone, to see that their places are nice.—(Looking at him a moment sharply.) In the play, you say. Are you a play-actor? I never seen you in these parts, and yet I think your face is a bit sort of familiar.

ACTOR

Yes, I am an actor.

FOREMAN

Was you in that play that come to town last night?

ACTOR

Yes.

FOREMAN

Well, that was the first play I was ever to. I hardly liked to think of going, but my son and his wife said it was no harm to go, and I went. I never laughed so much—but sometimes, I tell you true, I near cried, I did;—Alright there. Come along.

[The Foreman moves away to attend to the removal of another coffin. As he comes back a Danville man stops. The Foreman goes over to him.]

FOREMAN

Well, Jonathan, do you see where they are going to put the new County Building and the new Town Hall in one?

DANVILLE MAN

I see it.

FOREMAN

What do you think of it? Will it not be the right place?

DANVILLE MAN

It is not the right place. Danville is the right place, where it always was. Why would they want to be taking the Court House away from Danville that always had it, and near the middle of the county too?

FOREMAN

You're clean wrong, Jonathan. Let me show you. What do you people want of the law-courts up there? You want to raise your good crops, and when you have finished your day's work, you want peace and quiet in your homes. You do not want the whole county bringing their quarrels and bickerings up to Danville to disturb you. This here in St. Johnsbury is where they grow the law-suits, so here let the Judges come and settle them.

DANVILLE MAN

No, but it's an outrage just the same—an outrage!

FOREMAN

An outrage! Man, it's been coming for years, and ye couldn't avoid it. I tell you, Jonathan, if you think right about it, you're well rid of the lawyers and their wranglings.

DANVILLE MAN

There is something in that, too.

FOREMAN

You're well rid of them. Danville is a town of farms; St. Johnsbury is a town of manufacturing and business. Law-suits go with business. Let St. Johnsbury take the responsibility and bear it for the county,—as it should. Here come the Judges themselves.

[Enter the Honorable Luke P. Poland and the other Judges of the Caledonia County Court. At the same time another coffin is carried through, to which the Foreman gives his attention, while the Judges stand

aside with their hats removed.]

FOREMAN

Good day to your Honors.

JUDGE POLAND

And a good day to you, my friend. How does the work progress?

FOREMAN

It's going forward fine, your Honor. We will have it done shortly.

JUDGE POLAND

You're a good man to have charge of this work, Donald. You are not devoid of sentiment.

FOREMAN

How could a man be, Your Honor? Is it not our old friends and our relatives, some of them, we are doing for? All the men acts right, sir—— And it's a fine Court House you're going to put up, I hear, Your Honor.

JUDGE POLAND

A fine Court House, indeed, Donald. Brick, all brick, in the Italian style of architecture. It will cost \$14,200.

FOREMAN

\$14,200! That's a grand bit of money your Honor! And do I hear that the town will pay a good bit of this?

JUDGE POLAND

St. Johnsbury will pay a good share of it, altogether for the Town Hall, as part of the County Tax, by private subscription to cover some improvements,—altogether \$5770 of the \$14,200 and a substantial reduction on the lot besides.

FOREMAN

That is a good share.

JUDGE POLAND

A good share, but it is entirely proper. St. Johnsbury will benefit by this removal of the County seat, as well as the rest of the county.

FOREMAN

Quite right, your Honor, quite right. And it's right justice you will be able to give when the Court House is all finished and you are moved in. They will see, those who did not want to move the Court House.

**JUDGE POLAND**

This is the correct place for the County Building to be. There is no question about it.

**FOREMAN**

No, your Honor, there is no question. This is the right place. St. Johnsbury is the right town; and this old Burial Ground is the right spot in the town. This is the place where the dead were awaiting judgment. Let this be the place where the living will be receiving judgment.

[The workmen enter carrying another coffin. The Judges remove their hats. The Foreman goes over, takes the paper handed him by one of the men, and superintends the removal, going out at the right with them. The Judges look around a moment, then put on their hats and go out at the left.]

## Episode 8

### THE CIVIL WAR

The Orchestra plays The Battle Hymn of the Republic. From the right come the members of the Grand Army post, carrying their battle flag. They march across the green and take position on the hill, near the end of the hemlocks, whence outlined against the sky, they watch the episode enacted in their honor.

Then from both sides come soldiers with members of their families and friends, talking with each other. Some are getting their equipment in order; some rolling their blankets or overcoats on the grass, packing their knapsacks, or putting the last touches on their rifles. All is in the bustle of preparation. Some of the soldiers have roses in their coats or in their rifle barrels. Here and there an officer hurries through intent on some duty.

Enter from the left several ladies with two men carrying a large bundle of towels, and soldiers' outfits. One of them stops a passing officer.

LADY

Here are the towels. To whom shall we give them?

OFFICER

Those? All those? They are just what we need.

LADY

We understood they would be wanted. Forty of us made 900 of them in two days at the Town Hall.

OFFICER

We shall appreciate all this kindness many and many a day, when we are at the front; and especially the roses that were sent to the camp. Roses do not often fall in the soldier's path. (To two soldiers nearby.) Men, take these towels to the Quartermaster's office.

YOUNG WOMAN

(Talking to a soldier.) What is it you all have in your caps?

SOLDIER

That is the green sprig of the Vermont regiments. We all wear it. It is the emblem of the Green Mountain State.

YOUNG WOMAN

And what was all the hemlock I saw in the tents?

SOLDIER

Hemlock boughs for bedding. We did not like straw, so the Colonel sent us up on the hill to get hemlock. It makes a fine bed and smells sweet.

[Enter from the left His Excellency, Erastus Fairbanks, Governor of Vermont, attended by several officers, but quite informally. As he passes, soldiers come to attention and salute. He acknowledges their salutes.]

COL. MERRILL

Governor, are you ready for the flag presentation to proceed at once?

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

Yes, if all is ready.

[Enter hurriedly, following them, a telegraph boy, who gives a despatch to Col. Merrill, who opens it and hands it to Governor Fairbanks.]

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

From the Secretary of War. "Send third regiment Vermont Volunteers to Baltimore to report to Major General Banks without delay. S. Cameron." Is there any reason why the regiment cannot go at once?

COL. MERRILL

No, sir.

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

The transportation is all arranged, by railroad to New Haven, and thence by water?

COL. MERRILL

Yes, sir.

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

Give orders for the regiment to get ready to leave at once, and for the train to stop at no station except to wood and water.

COL. MERRILL

Yes, sir.

[Col. Merrill salutes and goes out left. The bugle sounds the call. There is at once a hurry to put on accoutrements and to come down to the place for the line to form. The word goes around rapidly, "We are to leave for the front at once." Relatives and friends say good-bye, controlling their feelings as



best they may. As the line assembles in heavy marching order, there come from the left a group of women with a new flag. They stand together near the left of the green.]

SOLDIER

Have we got to throw away our roses, Captain?

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

(Overhearing the question.) Let the men keep their roses, Captain.

[The word goes around amid expressions of satisfaction. They put their roses in their coats or rifles, and each one sees to it that he has a sprig of green in his cap. The line is formed according to regular tactics, and after roll-call and so much of the manual of arms as is appropriate, is presented to the Governor. The Governor with his staff has taken his position at the right of the green. The families and friends of the soldiers are grouped, some back of the line on the higher ground, some on the green in front of the grand-stand. Governor Fairbanks steps forward to address the soldiers.]

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

Fellow-citizens, and men of the Third Vermont Regiment: On April 15th, as the Chief Magistrate of this State, I received from the Secretary of War the telegram which I now hold in my hand: "Call made on you by to-night's mail for one regiment for immediate service." To this call the First Vermont Regiment quickly responded. Soon after, the Second Vermont followed them. I have just received a telegram call upon me to send you, the Third Vermont Regiment, to the front without delay. As individuals our hearts all go with you; and your State gives you her blessing.

The situation is grave. It seems possible that the war may be a long one. "Although no formal requisition has been made upon me, yet events indicate clearly the necessity for exercising the discretionary power conferred upon me. Orders will therefore be issued immediately to the Adjutant and Inspector General for enlisting the 4th and 5th Regiments, for three years or the war." Vermont will do her full part.

"An emergency has arisen which demands the active and prompt cooperation of every lover of his country in efforts to raise and organize troops for the aid and protection of the gen-

eral Government. Deeply impressed with the importance of the crisis, as you go forth in response to the call of patriotism and duty I earnestly call upon the citizens and especially the young men of the State to enroll their names at the several recruiting stations for the service of their country."\*

[The Governor turns toward the group of ladies with the flag at the other side of the green. One of them comes over and brings the flag to him. The Governor again addresses the soldiers.]

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

The Women of St. Johnsbury, your mothers and wives, your sisters and daughters, have made this flag for you, and have asked me to present it to you for them.

CAPTAIN ALLEN

Present, Arms!

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

Men of the Third Vermont Regiment, let this flag be to you the emblem of your country. Guard it well as you fight for her cause.

[The Governor hands the flag to the Captain, who takes it, as the drums beat a ruffle.]

CAPTAIN ALLEN

Your Excellency, in the name of my command, I wish to assure you of our allegiance, whatever may come; and we thank the women of St. Johnsbury for this flag. We will bear it on to victory, or we will sleep in honorable graves beneath its folds.

GOVERNOR FAIRBANKS

You will now march your command to the railroad station to entrain for the front.

[The Orchestra again plays The Battle Hymn of the Republic. The Captain gives the necessary orders and marches his men off to the left and around the end of the hemlocks, passing in review before the Grand Army men, who stand on the hill a little above them. Their families and friends wave to them as they go, standing near the left of the green, whence they go out, back of the grand-stand. The Governor and his staff turn and go out at the right. The Grand Army follow the soldiers out around the end of the hemlocks.]

## Episode 9

### DEPRESSION AND PROSPERITY (1875)

Enter two men from the right and one from the left of the grand-stand, coming to the railroad station. They are traveling agents of three of St. Johnsbury's industries, the Scale Works, the Hoe and Fork Company, and the Thrashing Machine Factory. They carry small bags.

ELY AGENT

(Looking at his watch.) The train on time?

SCALES AGENT

The train north is about on time; the train south is a bit late.

THRASHER AGENT

Late? That—

SCALES AGENT

What's the trouble? It's not the first time the train has been late. Something got on your nerves? Business is good, isn't it? Not complaining about that? (All laugh)

THRASHER AGENT

Business is too good, pretty near. Can't keep up with our orders. Got to take care of our old customers first, of course, and new orders are coming faster than we can meet them; they'll go off to our western rivals sure. We can't get the men. We'll be ruined by too much prosperity first thing we know.

ELY AGENT

Not as bad as that! Got on your nerves, that's all. But we are almost in the same fix. We can't get men that know anything about our kind of work. I'm going out to see old customers, not to get new ones, right now.

SCALES AGENT

It's the trouble everywhere. You say you cannot get men that know your kind of work; why, we've forgotten that long ago. We're glad if we can get men at all,—of any kind.

THRASHER AGENT

That's what's the matter,—men of any kind. You can't get them.

SCALES AGENT

I tell you frankly, gentlemen, I'm not going out for orders. I've been taken off my regular line. Orders come in of themselves, I'm going out to look for men. If we can get men, we will be glad to teach them the work from the start and pay full wages from the beginning. It's a good investment, and a cheap way out of the hole. That's the way we look at it.

ELY AGENT

Oh, for the good old *hard* times! (He and the Scales Agent laugh.)

SCALES AGENT

You're ready to take the oath of poverty, are you?

ELY AGENT

I am!

THRASHER AGENT

(Irritated by their levity.) This is a serious situation.

[Enter from the right Richard Towne, who is employed in the Ely Hoe and Fork Company.\* He join the group, all of whom greet him as he approaches.]

\*In a way this episode is the converse of Episode 8, The Introduction of Agricultural Machinery, in the Pageant of Thetford, 1911.

ELY AGENT

Hello! Thought you were off on your vacation. When did you get back?

RICHARD TOWNE

I got back a couple days ago. I was on my vacation, but they cut me off with only a week this time. (All nod understandingly.)

SCALES AGENT

Where'd you go?

RICHARD TOWNE

Down where I used to live, where I was raised, on a farm,—Thetford.

RICHARD TOWNE

I've been down there. Nice town. Sold a mower, or something, to a man down there. Name,—Ben Farmer.

RICHARD TOWNE

I know him. He likes it first-rate. Fellow I know down there is coming up to St. Johnsbury. I persuaded him to come. I told him you could not make a good living on a farm any more.

THRASHER AGENT

Well, if you have the right machine you can.

SCALES AGENT

If they have yours, eh? Well, we will grant you are right.

RICHARD TOWNE

He's a good smart man. I told him to come right along, and bring his family. I'll take him up to Mr. Ely and—

SCALES AGENT

He can get a job, alright, without any difficulty. (All smile.) Here's the north train!

[Enter from the right Sam Small of Thetford with his wife and children. Richard Towne goes forward to meet him. Small carries a carpet-bag and other luggage; evidently he has come to stay. His wife carries a bag also and leads a child by the other hand. Small puts some of his baggage down to shake hands with Towne.]

RICHARD TOWNE

Well, how are you? Got here alright? (He shakes hands also with Mrs. Small.)

SAM SMALL

Yes, I guess so.

RICHARD TOWNE

Now, this is fine. Glad you've come!

SAM SMALL

Guess it's the only thing I could do. Like I didn't have no choice.

RICHARD TOWNE

First we'll go find a place for your wife and the children to stay and then we'll go up to the factory and get a job.

SAM SMALL

You think I can get something to do pretty soon? I ain't got much left to live on. I did not get much for my land; I did not give up until I had to. Been better if I had. But I thought I could pull through. Seems sometimes it's no use.

RICHARD TOWNE

Brace up, man! Why (with a laugh) we can't get men enough for the work in this town. All three of those men over there are *looking for men* for their factories. Come over here.

[Richard Towne takes Sam Small over to the group of men who have stood talking sometime, yet ready to take the train. Mrs. Small and the children re-

main standing by the little pile of luggage.]

RICHARD TOWNE

(To the Ely Agent.) Mr. Walter, this is my friend that's come up to go into the works. (To Sam Small.) Shake hands with Mr. Walter. I'm going to take him up to Mr. Ely and get him a job.

ELY AGENT

That's right. What kind of work do you do?

SAM SMALL

Well, I'm a farmer. I suppose maybe I could do gardening,—

ELY AGENT

Oh, no special line in mill work?

SAM SMALL

No. I don't know as I could get much just right off; but if you'd say a word for me, so's I'd get a chance, I think I could work up. You see I've got a family, and I've got to—

THE THREE AGENTS

(Laughing.) Oh, you'll get a job, alright.

SCALES AGENT

If they don't give you a job up at the Ely Hoe and Fork Factory, you come right down to me. I'll give you a job. I'll take you right along now, if—

ELY AGENT

No, you don't. Towne, you'd better take him right up. (All laugh.)

[Richard Towne and Sam Small go back to Mrs. Small with whom he at once begins to talk in a much more elated hopeful manner. At the same enters from the left Father Boissonnault.]

THE THREE AGENTS

Good morning, Father. Good morning, Father Boissonnault.

FATHER BOISSONNAULT

Good morning! Good morning! How are you all this morning?

SCALES AGENT

Very well, thank you. Some more of your people coming on the down train?

FATHER BOISSONNAULT

Yes, quite a number of them, coming down from Quebec. Good French Canadian stock, industrious and thrifty. Want to see what I can do for them. (To the Scales Agent.) You got work

for them, or some of them?

SCALES AGENT

Yes, sir. Very glad to have them.

FATHER BOISSONNAULT

Good. How are those others doing, that I brought you?

SCALES AGENT

First rate. First rate. Two or three of the first ones that came a few years ago are leaving. They are going to set up little stores. Well, there is good opportunity for merchants, of course. They'll likely have good business, especially among their own people.

FATHER BOISSONNAULT

Yes, they will do well.

[The four continue to talk among themselves. Sam Small turns squarely around to Richard Towne, his manner now having entirely lost its despondence.]

SAM SMALL

How much do you think I can get at first?

RICHARD TOWNE

Oh, I guess they will give you \$10 a week, maybe as high as \$12, if you catch hold alright.

SAM SMALL

Do you?

RICHARD TOWNE

Yes. You can live on that.

SAM SMALL

Sure we can. Let's go. (Picking up his baggage.)

RICHARD TOWNE

Alright. And I know where there's a nice little house you can get two or three rooms to live in.

SAM SMALL

(Dropping his baggage again.) Two or three rooms! I want a house.

RICHARD TOWNE

Oh, no you don't.

SAM SMALL

Why, we've had a house to ourselves all our lives. We couldn't do with two or three rooms. At home, on the farm—

RICHARD TOWNE

Most everyone here lives in part of a house. You don't need a

whole house. You can live nicely; and you can save more money. Why, man, what would you do with a whole house on your hands?—You'd rent off some of the rooms to other people, that's what you'd do. That's what those do that have a whole house.

MRS SMALL

Come, Sam, we'll like it, as soon as we get used to it.

RICHARD TOWNE

Indeed you will.

MRS SMALL

We are making a fresh start, and we must not expect to live on a farm in St. Johnsbury.

SAM SMALL

Alright. (He starts to pick up his baggage again. Richard Towne takes some of it.)

FATHER BOISSONNAULT

Here comes the train.

[Enter from around the end of the grand-stand a number of French-Canadians with their families. They are of the Habitant class, and are dressed all of them in characteristic costume, and carry their baggage in quaint boxes and bundles. Those in the lead, as soon as they see Father Boissonnault take off their hats to him and cross themselves. He steps toward them and raises his hand in blessing. They all kneel.]

FATHER BOISSONNAULT

I am Father Boissonnault. And I have come to meet you and to welcome you to St. Johnsbury. I will show you where you can live and I will help you find work, where you will get good wages as long as you are industrious and thrifty. You will be happy here. And do you prove yourselves good citizens. Come, I will lead you.

[The French Canadians all arise from their knees and follow Father Boissonnault out at the right. Richard Towne, Sam Small and his family, have stood watching the French Canadians; they now go off at the left. The three agents go out at the right with their bags in hand, chatting with each other.]



## Interlude 3

### THE FOREIGN CITIZENS

From the two sides of the grand-stand come numbers of French people in the old-country folk-costumes of France, both men and women. They dance on the greensward the old Vintage Dance to the proper folk-music accompaniment played by the orchestra. When the dance is finished, they retire up on to the hill a little way and take their places there in groups, and watch the other national dances.

As the French leave the greensward, the people of other nationalities come on in turn from the ends of the grand-stand alternately and dance, each group one of their national folk-dances, and then go up on the hill and take their place between the French groups, thus building up a tableau of the people of foreign nationality who have come to St. Johnsbury and permanently settled here and entered into the town life. The Germans dance the German Hopping Dance; the Scandinavians dance the Kull-Dansen; the Scotch dance the Scotch Reel; the Irish dance St. Patrick's Jig; and the Italians the Tarentella.

As the last of the national groups finishes its folk-dance the other groups, all of them, come down to join them on the greensward. Then all together they join in a dance, which is not a traditional folk-dance but which is of that general character and which represents in a simple manner the uniting of the various nationalities in the citizenship of an American town. The dance ends in two large circles wheeling in together and then the divided lines running off to the exits at either end of the grand-stand.

## Episode 10

### THE MAKING OF THE SCALES (1912)

From either side of the grand-stand come men from the Fairbanks Scale Works, carrying the parts of three scales of different types of the larger sizes, such as the Grain Warehouse Scales, the Portable Suspension Scales and the Bullock Scales. As the parts are brought in they are immediately put together under the supervision of an inspector and when assembled by him and declared accurate and marked to be shipped. As the inspector orders each of the scales to be shipped, he designates a destination characteristic of the type of scales under consideration. As each scale is declared accurate, the men who brought it in take it apart again and carry the parts out the way they brought it in.

## Episode 11

### THE CHILDREN (1912)

IMAGINATION. From out of the woods at the right comes the slight elusive figure of Imagination. Sensitive and full of joy, yet timid and shrinking into herself for fear of discovery, she darts out, delighted with the open air, the fields, the sky, the clouds, the wide stretch of the valley. She plays about over the hill with free abandon for a while, but soon gets lonely, and longs for the companionship of young people. She goes in various directions calling them, but ready to fly away on the instant if they should answer her call.

THE BOY SCOUTS AND THE CAMP FIRE GIRLS. As though pursuing something, yet not knowing what, a group of Boy Scouts come in from the top of the hill, and also a group of Camp Fire Girls. Imagination draws them on, but as soon as they have come out onto the hill, she laughs with delight and hides from them. The Boy Scouts begin signalling from the top of the hill across the valley. The Camp Fire Girls come down a

little farther and start to build a fire and to cook over it. Both groups continue their signalling and cooking through the rest of the episode.

**THE CHILDREN'S FOLK DANCES.** Imagination then runs down to the green, looking for younger children. In a moment a number of little children run in from the right hand end of the grand-stand, all in Danish costumes. They are followed on the other side by a group of boys in Swedish costumes. First the little Danes dance the Danish Dance of Greeting, and the Danish Shoemaker's Dance. Then as they run off, the boys dance the Swedish Ox-Dansen.

**THE BIRD-WALK AND THE FLOWER-TABLE.** From the woods now come a number of children with the Director of the Fairbanks Museum. They are out on a bird-walk and looking for flowers for the Museum flower-table. They are dressed in their ordinary clothes, and have flowers in their hands. Some also have large illustrated books with them.\*

**HARRY**

It was in here that I saw him yesterday.

**SALLIE**

It was a Thrush. There are no Brown Thrashers around here.

**HARRY**

No; he sat too high on the tree, way at the top, and he talked a lot, all sorts of things, and thrashed his tail around all the time.

**MARY**

Mr. Horton himself saw a Brown Thrasher last July up between the Cary place and the Center.

[Two or three children run in from the valley, carrying flowers.]

**MARGARET**

Here is the first Elecampagne of the summer! The first of the summer! May I take it to the Museum for the flower-table?

**DIRECTOR**

Yes, I think you are the first to bring it in. Where did you find it?

\* The Fairbanks Museum of Natural Science in accordance with the special purpose of the founder, Col. Franklin Fairbanks, is conducted for the benefit of the children of St. Johnsbury. From early spring to late fall the director leads bird-walks, on which from twenty to forty children go with her. In the museum also the flower-table shows in its vases the flowers that are to be found in the fields and woods of the town. In this part of the episode the work of the Museum for the children is represented. The Museum also has an excellent and increasing collection of local antiquities.

MARGARET

Over there by the roadside, near the berry pasture.

ARTHUR

And I heard a new bird there in the berry bushes. It went this way: (He whistles.) What was it?

DIRECTOR

That is very good. I know from your whistle. Do any of you know?

ARTHUR

I got one little glimpse of him. He looked like a sparrow, but he had a white throat, I think.

DIRECTOR

And that is what he was, a White-Throated Sparrow.

MARY

I have a flower I do not know.

TWO OTHER CHILDREN

I know, I know. That is Fire-Weed! That is Willow Herb!

DIRECTOR

Do you know why it is called Fire-Weed? Or how it got its name?

CHILDREN

No; no.

DIRECTOR

It grows in places where there has been a fire. When the early settlers cleared the ground and burned the brush and swamps, this Willow Herb always sprung up afterward. So they called it Fire Weed.

MARGARET

What was that flew across? It had a quick dipping flight. I thing I see it. (She runs over to the woods and peeks in.) I see it.

OTHERS

What is it?

MARGARET

A Gold-Finch. There he goes. (She comes back.) I heard a Hermit Thrush singing here last week at about six o'clock.

SEVERAL

So have I. So have I. They're common.

MARGARET

Well, I saw a man—he was playing golf up here—he came from down near New York somewhere; he said he'd give anything

to hear a Hermit Thrush; he'd never heard one. Down there, he said, they had lots of Wood Thrushes, but no Hermit Thrushes. I never saw a Wood Thrush.

DIRECTOR

They are very rare in this neighborhood.

JOE

(Coming in out of breath, as if after a hard tramp.) I caught up with you at last!

DIRECTOR

And what is it you have?

JOE

I don't know. There were lots of bees around it, getting honey.

DIRECTOR

Anyone know?

SEVERAL

Oh, let us guess! Let us guess!

[All look at the red flower that Joe has brought in,  
but none can name it.]

DIRECTOR

That is Bee Balm or Oswego Tea.

SALLIE

Why do they call it Tea?

DIRECTOR

That is one of the plants that people used instead of tea during the Revolution.

SALLIE

Is it truly! I read all about that in a book I got in the Athenæum.

DIRECTOR

This is a nice, cool, shady place. Let us all sit down here for a while.

SEVERAL

Alright. (They sit down near the left end of the grand-stand.)

DICK

Oh, look! Look!

OTHERS

What is it? (They get up and look where he points.)

DICK

Up there in the top of that hemlock. A Wood-Pecker!

SEVERAL

What a big one! And he has a red head! A great bright red crest!

DIRECTOR

That is another bird that is pretty rare other places.

MARY

I know what he is! I got him right in the Bird Contest. He is a Great Pilliated Woodpecker. He cuts chips as large as that.

[They all go back to where some of them had started to sit down.]

MARGARET

What book have you?

ELIZABETH

(Showing her the the book) A lovely book! It has a perfectly beautiful story in it about how the Spring came and drove the Winter away.

CHILDREN

Where did you get it? In the Athnænum?

ELIZABETH

Yes; in the Athenæum.

OTHER GIRLS

(Looking at it.) I've had that! So have I!

MARY

I'm tired. Let's sit down.

OTHERS

So am I.

DIRECTOR

Alright. Those who want to can sit down here and the rest of us will go down into the valley.

WINTER AND SPRING. The Director with some of the children goes out at the left down into the valley. The others sit down on the grass near the left end of the grand-stand. Some of them read; some play with their flowers; two or three fall asleep. The Boy Scouts about this time go off down into the valley and the Camp Fire Girls soon after put out their fire and sit down in a group together in the edge of the woods. They Imagination comes again peering out of the woods, and perceiving that she is not observed, waves a spell over the children and calls forth the little story of Winter and Spring, instantly disappearing again as soon as they appear. The Children watch the story with delight, the sleepy ones rubbing their eyes with wonder. When the story of Winter and Spring goes off, the children of the bird-walk remain where they are through until the Finale.

## Episode 12

### THE LARGER RESPONSIBILITY (1912)

Enter from the right a group of men, members of the Commercial Club of St. Johnsbury. They are just coming from a meeting of the Club and are absorbed in the discussion of some matter of Club interest. They stand together talking and smoking in front of the grand-stand.

#### MEMBER OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

That's good progress,—hotel stock all subscribed. We'll have one of the finest hotels in New England here in a short time now.

#### ANOTHER MEMBER

That cooperative marketing idea is a good thing to take up next.

#### MEMBER OF THE COMMERCIAL CLUB

Yes. Big thing to undertake, but it would do a world of good to this whole region around here.

#### THIRD MEMBER

Those hotel plans, have you them there?

[One of the group goes out and returns with a large sketch of the new hotel and with building plans. The men gather around and discuss the plans among themselves. At the same time a man comes down off the grand-stand and saunters onto the green. He goes over to the edge of the green and looks off at the town below, and then comes back again. He is dressed in an automobile coat and cap, and has a pair of motoring goggles, which he twirls in his hand. He lights a small brier pipe and smokes. One of the members of the Commercial Club goes over to him.]

#### LOCAL MAN

How do you like it?

#### THE STRANGER

It's alright.

#### LOCAL MAN

Stranger here?

#### THE STRANGER

Yes,—though I have been here a number of times.

#### LOCAL MAN

That's a sketch of the new hotel over there.

THE STRANGER

(Glancing at it, but without intruding.) Very fine building.

LOCAL MAN

The Commercial Club got that going. Those are some of the members.

[The stranger saunters over toward the edge of the green and looks off at the town again. The Local Man goes with him. At the same time enter from the right a group of ladies, members of the Woman's Club of St. Johnsbury. They come a little nearer the middle of the grand-stand than the men, who bow to them as they pass.]

MEMBER OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Well, we may laugh, but if the Club can make the people of this town get rid of the fly-pest, we shall be accomplishing something worth while.

ANOTHER MEMBER

I am glad the District Nurse is to be continued and that we are to have a branch of the Drama League.

MEMBER OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

Yes, these and the work of the Woman's Club House we can now consider as permanent. These questions that the Educational Committee are proposing are important. Have you those papers there?

[One of the members takes some papers out of her hand-bag, and the group begin to discuss the subject among themselves. The Stranger and the Local Man come back again.]

THE STRANGER

It must have been a man of ideals who selected this place for a town, and men and women of ideals who built it up.

LOCAL MAN

Yes, and the Commercial Club will carry the work on.

THE STRANGER

How many members are there in it?

LOCAL MAN

150 or more.

THE STRANGER

And what is the population of the town?

LOCAL MAN

Something like 8,000.

THE STRANGER

What has the Commercial Club done?



LOCAL MAN

Well, we agitated the improvement of the water-supply; we got bargain-day established in the stores; we are urging the erection of a Federal Building; we are looking into the freight question; we have started this new hotel; and we are considering the question of having St. Johnsbury made a city.

THE STRANGER

Do the women of the town help?

LOCAL MAN

Oh, yes. The Woman's Club. Those ladies over there belong to the Club. They cooperate in everything. Pretty progressive town, don't you think so?

THE STRANGER

Yes,—since you ask me, the members of the two Clubs are progressive, I do not question.

LOCAL MAN

Excuse me, but you seem rather critical. Did you ever see a more beautiful, more prosperous town,—anywhere?

THE STRANGER

No,—don't know that I have. I like St. Johnsbury, nice town. I like the people. I'm glad whenever I come.

LOCAL MAN

Well then, what do you mean?

THE STRANGER

All these things you have mentioned concern every single person in the town, one way or another. And yet you say that out of a population of about 8,000 there are only 150 men who will actively go into an organization to further the general welfare of the town. If everybody were in those two Clubs who ought to be, they would look like an old-fashioned prayer-meeting,—everybody there, with the men on one side and the women on the other. Then you could *do* things. As it is, you can for the most part only agitate this, consider that, and start the other thing.

LOCAL MAN

Well, that's true. But a few cannot—

THE STRANGER

That's just what I say. As long as there are people in St. Johnsbury who take the attitude toward anything that is for the general benefit, "If a few want it, let the few work for it"—

LOCAL MAN

There are people like that in every town.

THE STRANGER

Of course there are. But St. Johnsbury is ahead of most towns. Noblesse oblige! Didn't I tell you I liked St. Johnsbury! Look at all this country, this whole region around here, of which St. Johnsbury is the center and the natural leader! And what a leader it could be!

LOCAL MAN

But it takes years to do big things.

THE STRANGER

No, it does not; not necessarily. The trouble with St. Johnsbury is that it has really never had any hard times since the invention of the scales. A lot of the people here are too cock-sure that everything will go alright without *their* making any effort. The town needs some big misfortune to wake the people up, to stir them deeply, to make them *all* really take hold together, and *work*! Then you'd accomplish big things!

LOCAL MAN

Work? You do not look as if you worked very much.

THE STRANGER

(With a laugh.) I don't? You ought to have seen me under my car this morning, trying to get here to see this pageant! St. Johnsbury is too fine for people not to expect a lot of the town. It is just as Thaddeus Fairbanks said in that episode a while ago, "If a thing is only nearly alright, it is all wrong."

LOCAL MAN

Well, you hold up a high ideal for us anyway. But if you'll excuse my saying so, it hardly seems fair for you to come and talk this way about the town with so many people from other towns listening.

THE STRANGER

Oh, so far as criticism goes, they know every one of them that every word is equally true of their own towns. You should not mind that. I got interested in your pageant, and I wanted to come down and stretch a bit. It gave me a notion of your town as a whole. It set me thinking.

LOCAL MAN

Well then, I am going to take you at your word, if it is interest on your part. Tell me, what do you think of the town?

THE STRANGER

That is a pretty hard question to answer.

LOCAL MAN

It is; but it's a fair one.

### THE STRANGER

Yes, it's fair, and I'll do my best to answer it. St. Johnsbury is known everywhere as a fine prosperous town, a nice town to live in. As a manufacturing town it is known the world over. But population and business are going to the cities. St. Johnsbury is remote from the markets and from all the centers. To hold its own, it must counterbalance that disadvantage by quality, by unanimity and energy. St. Johnsbury must all get together. St. Johnsbury, just as much as the farm-towns, must see that she keeps her young people at home. Whether it is for music or for business, the young people must feel that there is no career for them anywhere to be compared with what there is at home, right here in St. Johnsbury. Young people go away to pursue ideals, to follow after the best that is in them. If St. Johnsbury is to keep her young people,—or her old people either, for that matter,—she must assure them great ideals. And great ideals will unite the town and take the place of adversity. Your two Clubs should cultivate Art, my friend.

### LOCAL MAN

Cultivating ideals sounds like religion.

### THE STRANGER

Art and Religion are often the same.

### LOCAL MAN

Well, it was the Commercial Club that started this Pageant. And the Woman's Club has supported it. It seems to me you talk a little—begging your pardon—as if you thought St. Johnsbury had no art and no ideals. You get back on the grand-stand and see the rest of this Pageant.

### THE STRANGER

Certainly. Yes, I want to see the rest of the Pageant.

### LOCAL MAN

The Orchestra is beginning to tune up for the Finale. The best is yet to come.

### THE STRANGER

Good! That is the right way for it to be,—with the Town and with the Pageant, both!

[The stranger goes back on the grand-stand and takes his seat. The Orchestra tunes up, continuing for a brief moment. The men and the women of the Commercial Club and the Woman's Club remain where they are, engrossed in their plans. The Local Man goes over and joins the other members of the Commercial Club.]

# Finale

## THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHNSBURY

1. ST. JOHN DE CREVECOEUR. From the last episode there remain on the right the group of men, members of the Commercial Club of St. Johnsbury, and nearer the center of the grand-stand the group of women, members of the Woman's Club of St. Johnsbury. At the left of the grand-stand are the children from the 11th Episode, who have been quietly playing there making wreaths with their flowers and watching birds or sitting down on the ground at the foot of the grand-stand reading books.

The tuning up of the orchestral instruments gradually quiets down as the last episode merges into the Finale. As it ceases, from the right hand end of the grand-stand comes St. John de Crevecoeur, a French gentleman, dressed in the French style of 1787, genial and courtly in manner. As he comes out he looks about, evidently much pleased, and takes a pinch of snuff. He walks over toward the men, much interested in the sketch of the hotel, and bowing low bids them a good day. They, however, do not see him, and so do not return his greeting. He nods understandingly, and passes on to the ladies, to whom he makes a very low and courtly bow. At first, however, they do not see him. But as he is bowing an old lady and a young lady see him. The old lady acknowledges his bow with an elaborate old-time curtsy; and the younger with a sweet and cordial bow and smile. Several of the ladies look up, surprised, and ask, "What is it? Who are you bowing to?" The younger one, realizing that the others saw no one and that it was an absurd fancy, hurriedly and with embarrassment says, "Oh, nothing; no one." The old lady simply smiles and turns quietly again to the Women's Club House drawings at which she was previously looking. All are immediately absorbed in their plans for the future again, and Crevecoeur with a smile and another understanding nod, leaves them and walks musingly over to the children.

2. CREVECOEUR AND THE CHILDREN. When Crevecoeur addresses the children, they look up at once and talk with him very freely and respectfully; they are good friends at once.

CREVECOEUR

Good day to you, my little children!

CHILDREN

Good afternoon, sir! (Several of the little girls drop very pretty curtsies, and the little boys take off their hats to him very politely, which he acknowledges.)

CREVECOEUR

Where do you live?

CHILDREN

In St. Johnsbury; down there.

CREVECOEUR

St. Johnsbury! Ah! I thought that must be St. Johnsbury. What a beautiful place!

BOY

Did not you know that was St. Johnsbury?

CREVECOEUR

I did not know, but I thought it must be St. Johnsbury. I have always been interested in the town, but I have never been here before.

BOY

Isn't that queer!

GIRL

(Consolingly, lest his feelings are hurt): But—but you have *beautiful* clothes!

CREVECOEUR

I thank you, my dear.

BOY

Yes,— (All the children quite frankly admire his French costume), but please tell us if you have never been to St. Johnsbury before, what is your name?

CREVECOEUR

Certainly; my name is Crevecoeur. I am Monsieur St. John de Crevecoeur.

BOY

I know who he was. The town was named after him.

GIRL

I know, too; but you lived ever so long ago.

CREVECOEUR

Some of it was long ago, that is true.

GIRL

But, Mr. St.—Mr.— What should we call you, when we want to speak to you?

CREVECOEUR

When I lived in America, my friends—General Allen, Ethan Allen, Governor Chittenden, Dr. Franklin, and Dr. Arnold, Jonathan Arnold,—You know who they are?—

CHILDREN

Oh, yes, we know who they were!

CREVECOEUR

They used to call me Mr. St. John. But you may call me Monsieur de Crevecoeur. I am a Frenchman, you know, and I see there are so many French people living here now, that I should like to be known here by my French name. So you may call me Monsieur de Crevecoeur.

GIRL

Then, Monsieur de Crevecoeur, are you really the man—(Other children chime in).

SEVERAL CHILDREN

Are you really the man the town was named after?

CREVECOEUR

Ah, that is too much of an honor for me, my dears. The name was chosen in compliment to me, but it would be far better to think that the name is that of the blessed saint whose name I bear, St. John, the beloved disciple. Think of it as his town, and try, real little knights and ladies, to be worthy of the name of your town.

GIRL

I know; I know; St. John, he was the man who saw a city in Heaven, the New Jerusalem, when he was an old, old man, wasn't he?

[The orchestra very softly, in the strings, plays Jerusalem the Golden].

CREVECOEUR

Yes, and we must try to make our town as much like that Heavenly City as we can, mustn't we?

BOY

What was he like?

CREVECOEUR

I will tell you in his own words, as he wrote them: "And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it; and the

nations shall walk in the light of it; and the gates of it shall not be shut at all. And I heard a great voice out of Heaven saying, Behold the abiding-place of God is with men, and He will dwell with them; and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

[There is silence a moment in which is heard only the orchestra softly playing Jerusalem the Golden].

BOY

Tell us some more.

ANOTHER BOY

I'd like our town to be like that, wouldn't you?

CREVECOEUR

Yes, I would, and we will do all we can to make it like it, shall we not?

THE OTHER BOY

I will.

CREVECOEUR

Sir, I salute you! (He takes off his hat and bows).

OTHER BOYS AND GIRLS

I will too. And I will.

CREVECOEUR

Then we shall have a city all of true knights and ladies!

BOYS AND GIRLS

Yes, we will.

CREVECOEUR

There were Knights of St. John in the times of the Crusades, you know.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Were there? Tell us about them!

CREVECOEUR

Yes, they were called the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem or the Hospitallers. They cared for the sick and the wounded and they fought for the right.

BOY

Did they ride horse-back?

CREVECOEUR

Yes.

GIRL

And did they wear beautiful shining armor?

CREVECOEUR

Yes, and a large Maltese Cross on a red tunic which they wore over their chain armor.

### BOYS AND GIRLS

I should like to see one! So should I! So should I! it would be fine!

### CREVECOEUR

But finer still, my little men and women, for our town to be a city of knights—

### BOY

(Interrupting) Can there be Knights of St. Johnsbury?

### CREVECOEUR

Knights of every city and town throughout the land!

### GIRL

Oh, I should like to see them!

[They stand looking down at the town of St. Johnsbury below them].

### GIRL

I do see them! And they are on horses! And they have armor on too!

### OTHER CHILDREN

Yes, I see them! I see them! And they are coming! They are coming up this way!

3. THE PROCESSION OF THE KNIGHTS. The children get more and more excited, jumping up and down in their delight. One little boy and one girl take hold of Crevecoeur's hands, one on each side of him, and cling to him. Some of the children run to their parents to tell them about the procession of Knights that they see coming up through the valley, and point down the hill at them; but the parents can see nothing, and being very busy pat their children's heads or kiss them and tell them to run along and not to disturb them just now. The music more loudly and with more and more instruments, last of all the brass, plays Jerusalem the Golden, accentuating the melody more and more into a semi-military, semi-ecclesiastical march.

Far down the valley near the town, as far as the eye can see, appears the head of a mediæval procession of knights on horseback and in full armor. They ride at a quick walk up towards the grounds. The children gaze breathlessly at them as they come nearer and nearer. St. John de Crevecoeur gazing with them. The grown people also turn and look in the same direction, first only the old and the young women who saw Crevecoeur then others, until only a very few are still absorbed in their immediate affairs.



At the head of the procession rides the Knight of St. Johnsbury on a black horse. He wears the full armor of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, the chain armor, the red tunic with the white eight-pointed cross, and the black mantle and hood with red lining; he bears in his hand his standard with the name and the arms of the town. Following him come two squires on foot, representing the two villages of St. Johnsbury Center and East St. Johnsbury. Then come a stream of knights, all on horseback, with their squires, representing the various towns of Caledonia County and of the Passumpsic River and upper River Valley.

4. THE CHILDREN AND THE KNIGHT. As the procession rides up on the greensward, all the people, young and old alike, gaze in speechless awe. St. John de Crevecoeur has the little boy and little girl one in either hand. As the Knight of St. Johnsbury rides up to the green he gives the children a little start and they run forward to meet the Knight and come back walking at his bridle-rein, one on each side, looking up into his face. The other children come into the procession just behind the two squires, in two large groups; then there follows the rest of the procession. The procession thus moves directly across the greensward and up along the woods on the right of the audience. There it stops. But the Knight and the two children and the squires ride out to the knoll, where the Knight takes his position, facing the audience, the children at his horse's head and the squires just behind him, and raises his standard high over his head.

Forthwith from both sides of the grand-stand come all the Pageant in massed columns, singing with full orchestra accompaniment:

#### THE SONG TO THE KNIGHT

Hail, Our Knight, whose stalwart gaze  
Scans the toil of all our years,  
Scans the glory of our days,  
Scans their struggling hopes and fears!

Generations, marching on,  
Follow as they can thy lead;  
As they may thine armor don,  
Fight thy fight, and live thy creed!

Hail, Our Knight, in thee the past  
Lightens with the future's glow!  
In thy face our dreams shall last,  
Though the ages come and go!

High above the busy throng  
Raise thy standard, Glorious Knight!  
So shall rise the triumph song  
From the valleys to the height!

Lead, Ideal, lead where sings  
O'er the clouds a perfect race,—  
Where the free-born Eagle wings,  
Through his fields of golden space!

With the last stanza the Knight turns his horse around, facing directly up the hill, so that he becomes the symbolic leader of all the people of the Pageant. As the song of acclaim comes to an end, at the top of the hill, under the Old Pine, appears America, in white, bearing on one arm the shield of the United States and carrying the American flag in the other. She is accompanied by the State of Vermont, bearing her flag and shield, and by the State of New Hampshire, bearing her shield but not her flag, as not having sovereignty in Vermont. Behind them come a group of the neighboring States, each bearing her shield. America and the States come only a few steps down the top of the hill. As she appears, the Knight of St. Johnsbury raises his standard in salute, and all the Pageant with full orchestra accompaniment sings The Star Spangled Banner.

While this is being sung, the Knight dismounts. He gives his horse to one of his squires and his standard to the other. He takes the two children by the hands and walks up the hill to America. As he approaches, Vermont steps forward to receive him and present him to America. The Knight kneels in front of America. The two children also kneel, one on each side of him. In accordance with the mediaeval ceremony of Homage, the Knight places his hands folded together into the hands of America. America then raises him and gives the American flag to him to bear for her.

Marshaled by St. John de Crevecoeur, the entire Pageant, singing, now marches in one heavy massed column up the hill in review past America, the States and the Knight of St. Johnsbury, and pass out over the top of the hill under the Old Pine. The

Spirit of Civilization leads those coming from one side and the Spirit of the Future leads those from the other side. The mediæval procession of the Knights goes last, pausing to allow America and the States and the Knight of St. Johnsbury and the two children to precede them. As the Pageant marches up the hill, all unite in singing:

THE SONG TO AMERICA

Forever shine on our mountain heights!  
Forever dwell by our valleys' streams!  
And may thy stars illumine the nights  
Where'er thy glorious banner gleams!  
In thee unite the sovereign States!  
In thee all trade and commerce live!  
To all thou openest wide thy gates;  
To all thy name and thy life dost give!  
The little child thou dost protect;  
The strongest man for his work inspire!  
So be thy paths with flowers decked;  
Thy praises sung by tongues of fire!  
Thy name we share from south to north!  
Thine air we breathe from east to west!  
Thy glory, America, leads us forth  
In victory onwards toward the best!  
O God, Who givest the breath of Life  
To peoples of the human race,  
Make Thou our Land, in peace or strife,  
A Nation strong, of up-lifted face!







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